THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 73. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 48

THE HAPLESS AND HOPELESS.

BY FABIOLA.

We ever see, with sadden'd eyes,
The evils and the wrongs of life,
Its ceaseless pain, its bitter strife,
And all its many miseries,
Which make this fair wide earth to be
So drear to those who toil for bread,
That death to them hath naught of dread,
But only brings them liberty.

We love the world, and hold it fast,
Repine for more of wealth and ease,
And, seeking but ourselves to please,
Our lives in pleasant places cast.
God hears young ravens when they cry,
His gifts for all are freely given;
The rich shall easy enter Heaven
As camel through a needle's eye.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IT WAS indeed a strange freak of fate that led George Nugent to the same small out-of-the-world village that had sheltered Jane Ludlowe since the work-people had taken possession of her old home, and at the very moment too when his faithless love was transformed from Cynthia Denistoun into Cynthia, Lady Ludlowe.

But for the delay caused by the accident to his cab and Lady Montrose's carriage, Nugent would have been far out at sea on this hot August day, instead of offering assistance to the daughter of the very man who now possessed the girl whom Nugent had almost learned to call his wife.

The loss of his berth on the particular ship he had intended to join at Plymouth was only a temporary annoyance to the young man. He was in no great haste to reach the end of his journey; he had formed no plans; he scarcely knew, in fact, what he should do when he arrived at the Antipodes. He would of course have to find employment of some sort; but George Nugent was not afraid of work, and in his present frame of mind the rougher and harder the work the better he would like it.

He had a few friends scattered about the vast continent; they would doubtless give him a start. He did not expect or even desire to make money. His ambition was dead for the moment, owing to the blow that had been dealt to his heart by Cynthia Denistoun's delicate hand. He had no strong motive, no goal now for which to work; he was conscious of only one desire—to put as great a distance as possible between himself and the woman who had treated him with such deliberate cruelty.

The appointment that he longed for so ardently had been declined with a few words. He had done for ever, he told himself, with the drudgery of life in an office; he had endured it patiently, even happily, in the past, for the sunshine of his love had chased away all the shadows that gather about and darken the career of every poor struggling man.

George Nugent determined to have done with his old work and everything appertaining to it. Away in a far-distant country other and more congenial occupation could be found for his brain and hands. There was nothing to keep him in England; he had no mother's heart to pain by his departure, no father to consult; his parents had been dead many years. His friends were few. He might have been a popular man, for all liked him; but his love for Cynthia, his eagerness to hew out a future for the girl who was so dear to him had gradually shut him out of his proper place in the world. He had dropped out of everything. He had counted the cost of every penny that he spent, had eschewed the smallest extravagances.

Society had no charms for him. Fashionable and wealthy people's houses were all thrown open to him; "detrimental" as he was, mothers were ready to welcome him to their balls, dinners and other entertainments; but he would have none of them. He would have proclaimed the fact of his allegiance to Cynthia everywhere had she not protested against this. She had insisted on secrecy—why he had never quite understood; but, as it was her wish, he had sacrificed his own pleasure, as usual, in ministering to hers.

Nothing would have given him greater delight than to let the world know and see the treasures that had come to him, the gaol for which he worked. As it was, he contented himself with waiting for that day when he should have triumphed over all his difficulties and Cynthia should become his wife.

With his family George Nugent had little in common. He seldom saw his uncle, the Earl of Hampshire; and his cousin, Lord Tring, had little affection for him.

Occasionally the young man had received curtly-worded invitations to join his cousin's shooting-parties, but he had always declined them. Enthusiastic sportsman as he was, he dared not allow himself the pleasure of joining in any such costly amusement; he had no money to spare, nor had he the time; the struggle for position, for money, for success could not be abandoned.

Cynthia had never known of these sacrifices. Nugent was not one to speak of his own good deeds; his uppermost thought had always been of her and of how he could best give her the happiness due to her youth and her loveliness. He told her nothing that could depress her; he brought her only the gladness of his life, none of its trials.

The remote prospect of succeeding to his uncle's title and estates had never entered into George Nugent's calculations. His family did nothing for him, and he desired nothing from them. They had never held out the hand of friendship and affection to him; and, as they had never shared in his hopes and joys, so now they had no share in his sorrow.

He wrote a few words however to Lord Hampshire, expressing his determination to seek his fortune in another clime, sent a small gift to his cousin's youngest girl, whom he had loved because of a faint likeness to Cynthia, gave an address to his solicitor, an old well-tried friend, and, when, through the accident to Lady Montrose's carriage and his cab, he found he had lost the train to Plymouth, as well as his berth on the outward-bound steamer, he left his baggage at the railway-station and suddenly recalled a certain old servant of his mother's, half maid, half nurse, who had tended him in his childhood, and who had loved him always with infinite tenderness.

Nugent felt a swift pang of reproach for having allowed himself to forget this faithful old creature. He had been in the habit of writing to her occasionally, and once or twice he had gladdened her heart by going down to the little Welsh village where Ann Martin had a home with her son

Her eyes could not share in her heart's pleasure, for she was blind, and would never be able to gaze upon her boy's face again; but the delight which the old servant had always expressed at "Master George's" thoughtfulness had been something that had lived pleasantly in the young man's mind for many a day afterwards.

It was with genuine remorse that he realized now that he had all but forgotten the existence of one who would never forget him. He took train immediately for Wales; and a sense of peace—almost of pleasure—had crept into his heart as he journeyed thither, picturing to himself the warmth of the greeting awaiting him and thinking of the deep regret that would be expressed over his departure for another and a far-off land.

The village where his blind faithful old friend lived was the spot chosen by Mrs. Winter for Jane's sojourn until the time arrived for the girl to return to Carno Court and take up her abode there under her young step-mother's regime. Mrs. Winter had hastened back to her child when the news reached her of Sir Richard's approaching marriage.

The governess's heart was full of love and pity for the girl. She had tried to prepare the way for some change that might dim the brightness of her pupil's great happiness; but the thought of Sir Richard Ludlowe's marrying again was one that had never presented itself to Mrs. Winter's mind. She imagined him wedded to his career of finance and politics. The news of his impending marriage with a girl young enough to be his daughter was a real distress to the kind clever woman who had learned to love and appreciate Jane Ludlowe at her true worth.

"If it had been a woman of his own age—some one wise and fit to be a mother to my girl—I could have found it easy to approve," Mrs. Winter had said to herself; "but a marriage of this sort—a girl of nineteen and a man of fifty—alas, I fear the only inference is that the future Lady Ludlowe lacks the qualities which go to make a true sweet woman! She must be selfish and worldly, unless indeed she has been forced into this marriage. Time will show what her disposition is; but in any case my little Jane's happy life can never be the same again."

In the first moment of meeting Jane Mrs. Winter saw that her pain had been terribly keen; but she also saw that the worst was over, and that, whatever her real feelings might be, the girl would never let them escape her. The governess had clasped Jane in her arms and kissed her tenderly without a word. She was indescribably touched by the expression of courage and strength in her darling's eyes.

They had left Carno Court immediately, and, amid the peace and natural beauties of the little Welsh village, Jane began soon to look like her old self again. The governess however was not deceived. There was a change in Jane's character—an unconscious pathos, a deepened sympathy, a sweet seriousness, arising from the sorrow that had come so swiftly and so early into the girl's heart.

Jane declared herself delighted with their holiday home. She revelled in the country, climbed the hills, raced the dogs across the wide open spaces, and fished in and rowed on the streams that ran beyond the village. She had her own pony, and she took long rides, coming home tired and sunburned, with all sorts of wild-flowers hung to the pommel of her saddle, and with an appetite that delighted Mrs. Winter's anxious heart.

The girl soon made friends in the village. She picked up a little Welsh, and paid visits to the small scrupulously clean cottages. The old blind woman who lived with her son at the grocer's-shop and post-office combined had immediately attracted her attention, and once or twice Jane had had her pony harnessed to Ann Martin's low comfortable cart, and had driven her out into the heart of the country she loved so well, thereby winning golden opinions from every one and sincere gratitude from the blind woman herself.

* * * * * *

It was early August. Cynthia Denistoun had been Cynthia, Lady Ludlowe for several days. Jane had had no letter from her father, but she expected none. The newly-married couple had embarked on the yacht "Cynthia," and would be absent for another fortnight or three weeks. Carno Court was ready to receive them, and Jane could return thither as soon as she liked. She preferred however to remain in her present peaceful abode as long as was possible. She clung to these days as though they had an individuality, and were so many separate friends from whom she would have to part never to meet again. Life would go on apparently just the same—the sun would shine, the flowers breathe out their sweetness, and the wind make music in the trees; but when once back in her old home Jane Ludlowe knew only too well that life for her would be a very different matter.

There was a cabinet portrait of young Lady Ludlowe standing on the piano in the small old-fashioned drawing room of the Welsh cottage, and Jane's eyes would turn frequently to the delicate beauty reproduced so faithfully by the exquisite photograph.

"She is lovely—she is a queen, as daddy said," she always thought at such moments; and yet Jane had no pleasure in looking upon Cynthia's beauty. There was something so cold, so repellent in the proud air, something almost cruel, to the girl's dreamy sensitive imagination, in the firm lips and large cold eyes.

"There is a story written in the face," Mrs. Winter decided when the photograph had come; and then she had sighed. "This is no weak pliable girl, the victim of a scheming mother; this is a woman strong in her own power and self-will. Lady Ludlowe would never be forced by any one; she is her own mistress. There will be no sympathy in such a nature. How will it be with my girl? Alas, I fear and I doubt!"

Jane's innocent mind could not divine the truth as her governess had done; yet intuition told her much, and her heart ached when she recalled her father's enthusiasm, his devotion, his delight, while she stood looking at the picture of the girl who had inspired him with this love.

"Poor daddy!" Jane whispered to herself again and again. There was not the hot agony of jealousy to be overcome now; there were pity and regret and some fear. She determined however to see nothing but jealousy in Lady Ludlowe to find nothing but sweetness.

Sir Richard had sent some pretty messages from Cynthia to his daughter, and Jane had sent back a few simple words; but as yet there had been no direct communication between Miss Ludlowe and her father's young wife.

It was the girl's earnest desire now to minister in every possible way to her father's happiness. Her love had been shaken; but now it was more strongly rooted than ever, endowed with a new beauty, for with her first knowledge of sorrow a touch of that maternal yearning that has a place in every true woman's heart had come to swell the flood of her devotion. If it lay in her power to enhance and perfect his happiness, her father should not ask that aid in vain. There was a presentiment heavy upon the girl at times that her father would look to her for more than this; but she kept all such thoughts to herself, for she was too eager they should never be realized.

Jane sat for nearly an hour under the trees on that hot August afternoon. Mimi lay asleep on her skirt, and Peter was stretched out at a little distance, asleep too. Lord John betrayed no desire for slumber; he had come creeping after that rough repulse from the young man whom he had admired so exceedingly, and sat now looking across the fields with a melancholy expression in his eyes.

Jane's arm ached, as did her head, and she was glad to glad to sit still. Now and then she looked down at her bandaged wrist. How neatly and quickly and tenderly he had ministered to her! Jane was not impulsive; she saw so few strangers that she had no need to exercise the discrimination that was part of her nature; but she was keenly alive to the power of sympathy, and she had felt a distinct liking for the young man who had come to her rescue. Her stern face, which changed so marvellously when he smiled, his handsome gray eyes, his pleasant voice, the strange attraction he had had for Lord John, and the fact of his approaching departure for that far-off country on the other side of the world—all this appealed immediately to Jane's dreamy imaginative mind. She began to sketch out some possible story of his past.

He looked like one who had passed through some great suffering; perhaps he had been ill or had lost some loved one. Jane gave a tribute of sympathy to the sorrow of this unknown man whom she would probably never see again; but there had been something in his quiet manner and his pale face that had touched her. In a vague yet forcible way he had produced an impression during the short time he had spoken with her that would never wholly pass away.

By-and-by Mrs. Winter, growing anxious about the girl, came strolling through the fields, and Jane awoke from her dreams with a start.

"I have been in the wars, Summer," she said, with a smile and a blush, calling her governess by a pet name she had bestowed on Mrs. Winter years before; "but I am not hurt. A knight came to my rescue. Look—he bound up my wounds!"

"This has something to do with that monkey, I know!" declared Mrs. Winter, trying to look severe. "I must confess I am absolutely in sympathy with Meadows in his dislike for that animal!"

"You are two prejudiced persons," replied Jane, laughing; and then, rising, she linked her arm within that of the governess, and they went back slowly to the house.

"I think your knight must be the young man who is staying at the inn," observed Mrs. Winter, as they sat at dinner that night. "If so, he has come to pay a visit to your poor old friend Mrs. Martin."

Jane's eloquent face lighted up instantly.

"Oh, then he must be 'Master George,' about whom I have heard so much! Poor Mrs. Martin can talk of no one else; she calls him her 'boy,' and she is so fond of him!"

"He is going to Australia, and has come down to say 'Good-bye' to the old woman," continued Mrs. Winter, busying herself with preparing the dog's share of the dinner.

"Poor Mrs. Martin, how sorry she will be!" said the girl gently. She was once again conscious of a feeling of regret, though it was so faint a sensation that it could hardly be defined.

The next morning Jane whistled to the dogs.

"I am going into the village, Summer. Can I do anything for you?" she asked.

"Bring me some stamps," rejoined Mrs. Winter. "I suppose you will be going into the post-office?"

Jane replied that she was bound thither, and then started on her way.

She had undertaken this walk with the intention of paying a visit to Mrs. Martin, not only to inquire after her, but also to give into the blind woman's charge the handkerchief which her knight had used for the bandage to her sprained wrist.

"I think I ought to return it; and I will say something nice to old Ann, so that she can let him know how much obliged I am." Jane blushed unconsciously as she arranged this. To Lord John she explained the purpose of the walk also. "Perhaps you will see your new friend again," she said.

It was eleven o'clock when she reached the post-office, and she found herself warmly welcomed by Mrs. Martin's son.

She was assured she could not have come at a better moment. The old blind woman, it seemed, was in great grief, for she had just said farewell to her beloved "Master George," who was going away for many years, perhaps for the rest of his life; and, by the nurse who had tended him and loved him so well, this long absence could not be regarded in any other light than as a farewell for all time.

Jane went at once to find her humble friend. The old woman was leaning back in her chair and crying bitterly. She wiped away her tears however to tell the girl she was more than welcome: but the tide of her sorrow was not to be easily stemmed. Jane sat holding the wrinkled work-stained hands in hers, and listened to the old woman's pathetic broken words.

"You must not cry," she said softly. "If he has gone, you must remember he may soon come back; and then he loves you."

She spoke as if she knew him well; and indeed at that moment she almost felt as if she did.

"He is kind and good," she said, eager to minister comfort; "he was kind to me Ann."

And then she told the story of her accident; and Mrs. Martin began to be more cheerful.

"Deed yes, Miss Jane, I heard of your hurt, and I've been main anxious about you!" she declared. "Master George he told me all about it; he come to tell me of it because he happened to see that picture of you and your dogs as you give me the other day; and then we begins talking of you, Miss Jane. I tells him of your sweet goodness to his old blind nurse, and he were touched at it, and says what is only the truth, miss—that it's angel work as you've done, and that there'll be a blessing surely come to you for your goodness! He's got a big heart as Master George! And, oh, dear, to think as we'll never meet again in this world!" And here her tears began to flow again. "I never counted on losing my boy in this way; and what have come to him I don't know, but it's somethink bad, Miss Jane—yes, it's somethink very bad, and it's changed him quite; he ain't the same man! I can't see his dear face, but my ears are my eyes too, and I can read it all in his voice. He used to be so bright and merry and happy, and he'd sit and joke and laugh all the time; but now I never heard him laugh once, Miss Jane, and that tells a long and story to me. Oh, dear—oh, dear! It hurts me to the heart to have him go from me—and go like this!"

"He will come back, Ann—I know he will come back!" rejoined Jane, in low soft tones. There were tears in her eyes, but the blind woman did not know that. The verification of her first impression deepened Jane's feeling of pity and of liking for this young man, who was an absolute stranger to her, and yet she seemed to know him so well.

"Perhaps so—perhaps so, my dear; we cannot tell; we are in God's hands; but I will hope so! I feel I shall not like to die," said the old woman wistfully, "with Master George so far away; but there—I'll not weep no more. Tears will not bring him back; and it's a poor return to show you, Miss Jane, for all your goodness! Even the doggies seem to know what's the matter! This is his lordship, to my right, and this is faithful Peter; they are dear doggies!" The wrinkled hand was put out to wander gently over the dog's head and to respond to the canine expression of sympathy. "Master George he fell in love with your Lord John, you know, Miss Jane; and he've carried off that picture of you and the dogs. I told him he might take it; and I hope you won't mind, miss, but he seemed to have a fancy for it, and it's not much I can give him. 'It's a good thing to have an angel about with one—isn't it, Ann?' he says to me, meaning you as the angel, Miss Jane; and then he puts the picture in his pocket and goes away." The old woman turned anxiously to Jane, as the girl was silent. "It doesn't seem kind to have given away a gift of yours, miss; but I thought you would understand, and I hope you will forgive me and that you won't mind!"

Jane's face had flushed a lovely crimson. She pressed the old woman's hand as she rose to go.

"You are quite right, Ann," she said softly; "I do understand, and I don't mind." Then, after a little more conversation and more tender words of comfort, Jane departed.

It was very hot, but she walked quickly through the village, apparently unconscious of the heat. There was a new light in her beautiful eyes; her lips smiled now and then, and the color remained in her cheeks.

"I am glad he called me an angel," she said to herself in a shy way, as she reached the garden gate. "I wish I could be a real angel and do good to everybody! I hope he will lose his sadness in that far-off Australia, and I hope he will come back one day, for Ann's sake; it would make her so happy!"

She walked along slowly, absorbed in her thoughts. Mrs. Winter, who was writing her letters at a table near the window, raised her head to smile at the girl.

"Have you brought my stamps?" she inquired.

Jane came to a sudden stand-still and blushed.

"Oh, Summer," she exclaimed, in deep dismay, "I have forgotten all about them!"

Mrs. Winter raised her hands in amazement.

"Why, Jane—my pretty Jane, what has come to you? I never knew you to forget anything before! This is extraordinary! Something must be the matter!"

Mrs. Winter laughed slightly; but Jane had turned away.

"I will go back and get them!" she cried, and forthwith vanished before her governess could remonstrate or try to prevent her.

The girl walked swiftly out into the hot road again, the blush still mantling her cheeks. The words spoken so lightly seemed to her to have a special significance, to be but confirmation of a truth. There was a change in her; something new and strange seemed to have come over her since the day before; she was conscious of this difference in herself, but the reason of it was hidden from her as yet.

CHAPTER VI.

THE hot days of August passed swiftly away; the end of the holiday came at last. A summons had been sent to the little village from Carno Court. Sir Richard and Lady Ludlowe had returned from their yachting cruise and were established in their beautiful country-house. The presence of Sir Richard's daughter was desired by her father. It was really Lady Ludlowe and not Sir Richard who expressed this desire.

Cynthia, till the moment when she set foot in Carno Court, had troubled herself very little about the girl; but almost immediately on her arrival there she realized that her unknown step-daughter was undoubtedly possessed of an individuality not only distinct but charming—one which was impressed forcibly on all within and about the girl's old home.

Sir Richard and his wife had been a week at Carno Court before Jane returned from her sojourn in Wales. Without being able to explain why, Cynthia was annoyed at this fact; she translated it into a desire on the part of her husband's daughter to offer her a slight, or at least to show in this way some resentment at her presence. Sir Richard had scarcely noticed Jane's prolonged holiday; he was far too happy to bestow more than a passing thought on anything or anybody except Cynthia. The events of the past two months had worked a wonderful change in the man's whole nature; the slight difference that had hurt poor little Jane so much on that by-gone July evening was now so pronounced that the servants, who had been trained by years of experience to understand and to accept their master's quiet, almost curt manner, scarcely knew him as he was now.

The man who had made his enormous fortune in a cool imperturbable way, never giving vent to excitement or allowing the world to read his heart, seemed to have thrown aside all his reserve and reticence, and to have become imbued with a geniality, an enthusiasm, and a youthfulness that were marvellous.

Cynthia knew that the man she had married loved her with a love that was absolutely sincere and almost boundless; but she did not know in this the beginning of her life with him the illimitable extent of her power over him. She acknowledged his devotion with a coldness that was never banished from her heart; she had never pretended to Sir Richard Ludlowe that she either did or could give him love in return; but, though her coldness chilled him, it served only to increase his infatuation. Her word was his law, her slightest wish a command. There was much in this man's nature to have aroused Cynthia's admiration had she been other than what she was; but in her eyes Richard Ludlowe was at once her benefactor and her gaoler—a position that roused her pride to its bitterest point.

Cynthia Ludlowe however was not insensible to the pleasures that attended her at every footstep she took forward in her new life. She revelled in her new luxury; there were moments when her sense of triumph, the realization of her wonderful good fortune overruled all other feelings. She was essentially a well-bred woman, and therefore there was nothing ostentatious in her triumph; she was, in fact, an egoist. She loved her wealth, her luxury, her magnificence for the pleasure they gave her individually, not for the effect they produced on others. She had spoken the truth when she told George Nugent that she was not fit to be a poor woman, and that poverty would have killed her had it environed her much longer.

The dainties, the elegance, the exquisite appointments of her new home were thoroughly appreciated and valued by her. Though she seemed to accept everything with coolness, almost with indifference, she was keenly alive to the comfort derived from her changed estate; and her selfishness was encouraged and strengthened by the experience.

It was at the end of her first week at Carno Court that Lady Ludlowe expressed her desire to have her husband's daughter brought home so that they might become acquainted with each other.

This desire was not the outcome of an impulse; it had been forming itself in Cynthia's mind every day since her arrival. She had at first, in a half-weary way, told herself that of course she would have to go through a scene with this girl, whom Lady Montrose had declared to be so ungainly and uninteresting. At the very beginning, in fact, she had imagined Sir Richard's only child to be a child indeed; and a passing thought had come once that, if this child threatened to be a nuisance, she would instantly arrange for her to be sent to school abroad.

As soon however as she arrived at the Court, she discovered that her step-daughter was not a child, but a girl fast approaching the dawn of womanhood, who had a little kingdom of unfeigned love, admiration, and respect over which she reigned supreme.

Whenever the name of Jane was spoken by any of the servants, Lady Ludlowe was conscious of a feeling of irritation. The influence of this "Jane" pervaded the whole of the quaint old house; there were traces of her everywhere. The workpeople had done wonders, but they had not been able to uproot the fragrant flower of Jane's sweet, happy, childish influence within the walls of Carno Court. Lady Ludlowe might be, as indeed she was, the actual mistress of all its costly possessions, but her sovereignty was not wholly undisputed. Jane had her sovereignty too, though it lay in the hearts of the old servants, and was not displayed in outward form.

There were a few pictures of the girl taken in her childhood scattered about the house, and Cynthia gazed at them scrutinizingly, trying to gather something from them if possible. She was angry with herself for being so strangely irritated and annoyed by the thought of Jane, for she was not unjust nor unduly prejudiced by nature; but she could not restrain the feeling of irritation, almost of dislike that the sound of Jane Ludlowe's name aroused within her. She knew really very little about her step-daughter. Sir Richard seemed to have forgotten Jane's existence, so that the story of the child's boundless devotion to her father had never been revealed to that father's young wife; and Cynthia had dismissed from her mind all thought of a strong affection in Sir Richard's heart for his daughter as being something that did not exist.

A trivial incident however undeceived her on this point. One day, when passing down a corridor from her room, she discovered a second corridor that was new to her, and, traversing this, Lady Ludlowe came upon two or three rooms opening one out of the other, and all furnished in a simple yet cosy fashion. Books and pictures abounded, there were bird-cages in the windows, and baskets scattered about showed that the comfort of various dogs had not been neglected. The rooms were quite out of keeping with all the rest of the house.

Cynthia shut the doors quietly, and, when she joined her husband in the hall below—he had been standing gazing at her with deep admiration as she came down the stairs—she told him of her discovery.

"Ah, you have found your way to Jane's rooms!" he exclaimed. "The little mouse entreated me not to let the workpeople do anything to them, and I could not refuse the child. I know she has an especial love for those rooms—God bless her! You will be so fond of her, Cynthia—my pretty little Jane!"

Cynthia walked to the doorway, and stood for a moment gazing out at the gardens, which were beginning to show a faint touch of autumn's mellowing hand.

She was astonished at herself at that moment; yet it was an incontrovertible

fact that the deep affection betrayed in Sir Richard's voice as he spoke of his child was exceedingly disagreeable to her. She did not care for her husband's love herself, she set no value on his devotion; but she had thought all his heart was hers, she had imagined herself unrivalled, and now at one touch she was shown that, despite all the infatuation of the love he lavished upon her, another could and did hold a strong place in his affections.

Cynthia stood silent for a brief space.

"Richard," she said at length, and there was nothing gentle in her voice, though his ears were deaf to the unsympathetic note, "is it not time your daughter returned home? I confess I think it would have been better had she been here to receive me on my arrival; it almost seems as if she——"

Sir Richard broke in hurriedly.

"My darling, I am grieved you should be hurt in this matter; but the fault is mine, not Jane's. The child is sweetness and obedience combined. I told her she should be sent for when I wished her to return. I am sorry to say I had almost forgotten all about her; but that is a pardonable offence in the circumstances." Sir Richard laughed as he stepped towards his young wife and drew her hand within his arm. "She shall be sent for at once. I will write to-night."

"No—telegraph," said Cynthia imperiously.

She then began to question her husband about his child in a quiet deliberate manner.

"I trust, Richard," she said once, "that you will understand it is my earnest desire and intention to do my duty most thoroughly where your daughter is concerned."

Sir Richard smiled fondly at the fair face.

"Jane will give you very little trouble, and will love you quickly and sincerely. It is good of you, my darling, to show this interest in my girl, and I am grateful to you. Everything a sweet pure noble mind can give to another I know you will give to Jane. I trust we shall all be very happy together."

Cynthia did not reply at once.

"This Mrs. Winter," she said, when she spoke again—"you have confidence in her?"

"Absolute!" answered Sir Richard emphatically. "She is a veritable treasure. She has been a mother to my Jane!"

Cynthia frowned and flushed slightly.

"That will be my province now," she said coldly.

Sir Richard could not help laughing at this.

"But, my darling, you are so young! What are you—nineteen? Why, Jane is barely two years your junior."

"That will make no difference," replied Cynthia. She was experiencing a curious feeling—a desire to exercise her power over this Jane, against whom her heart seemed to turn instinctively. "Although my years number only nineteen, my experience of the bitterness of life has made me a woman twenty years older than I really am."

There was a hard tone in Cynthia's voice that hurt her husband.

"Pray Heaven you will unlive all these years, my dear love!" he said gently and softly. "I want you to know the beauty of life now, Cynthia; I want you to forget all this past bitterness."

"Ah, that can never be—never!" exclaimed Cynthia swiftly to herself; and the face of George Nugent flashed suddenly before her, making her wince.

By-and by she drew her hand from her husband's arm and bade him go and despatch the telegram that was to summon Jack back to Carno Court immediately.

Sir Richard obeyed her gladly, for the memory of his little girl's great love had returned to him, bringing a glow and warmth that were inexpressibly pleasant.

"And I have forgotten her all this time—my poor little Jane!" he said to himself reproachfully; then he smiled. "But, ah, she will soon forgive me! She will never change—she will run to me and call me 'dear, dear daddy,' and she will remember nothing of my neglect if she may only sit on my knee and put her arms about my neck!"

The news that Miss Jane was coming home spread quickly through the house; there was an air of expectancy, even of excitement, apparent in all the servants.

Meadows made several mistakes when he was serving luncheon on the day of Jane's arrival, and the awe and constraint with which Lady Ludlowe's chilling beautiful presence had inspired him lessened under the influence that Jane's approaching presence seemed to bring. He addressed his master and made remarks in his old familiar yet respectful way; and Cynthia ate her luncheon in a silence that was meant to convey extreme disapproval of all such doings.

"I must have a change made in all this. I must have the strictest organization and rigorous rules," she said to herself.

Her arrogant spirit was aroused, and she prepared herself to meet Jane as she might have prepared herself to meet an enemy.

Dusk had fallen upon Carno Court when the carriage that had been sent to the railway-station to meet Miss Ludlowe and her governess was driven up to the door.

Sir Richard was waiting at the top of the flight of steps to welcome his child; Cynthia stood a little in the background.

As the horses were pulled up, Jane sprang out of the carriage, and, running was the steps, found a resting-place in Sir Richard's arms.

"Oh, daddy, my dear, my dear daddy!" she exclaimed eagerly and lovingly; and yet there was a tone in her voice that spoke of tears and of sorrow.

"My little Jane!"

There was an irresistible charm to Sir Richard in this warmth, this open declaration of his child's love; his devotion to his wife was greater than ever, but nature demands a response sometimes, and Cynthia's coldness was bound to have an effect in small ways.

There was much barking from the dogs and a warm exchange of greetings between Meadows and beloved Miss Jane; and then Cynthia came forward.

The soft light fell upon her, and she looked her loveliest. She was dressed in a dark-blue velvet dinner-gown, and diamonds gleamed like stars from her small proud head. She had the air of a queen as she stood there with her regal carriage and cold bearing, holding out her hand to Jane.

"Welcome to Carno Court!" she said, with a cold smile. "You have had a tedious journey, I fear. Richard, your daughter looks tired; I think she had better dine in her own room to-night."

Mrs. Winter received the most chilling acknowledgment, though Sir Richard had shaken hands warmly with Jane's beloved "Summer." Lady Ludlowe only just touched Jane's hand with her fingers.

The girl had stepped forward with a tender smile on her face. There should be no half-measures with her, she had determined; her father should have no cause to feel disappointment in anything she did. Cynthia's hard cold voice, her stately reception, her air of authority hurt Jane keenly; the smile vanished instantly from her lips and eyes.

"I am indeed tired; I shall be glad to dine up-stairs," she said gently, but with a touch of dignity in her voice and manner that gave Mrs. Winter great satisfaction.

Jane called to her dogs, who were scampering wildly about the hall and staircase, overjoyed at their old haunts again. She noticed how swiftly Cynthia had drawn her costly dress away from the animals and the aversion expressed on the proud beautiful face.

"I—I hope you are not afraid of dogs," said Jane hurriedly, as she stood with her two faithful companions one on either side of her. "These are two very good ones; they are most obedient, as a rule."

Sir Richard had gone outside to give some orders to the coachman, and Mrs. Winter had disappeared up the stairs, so the two girls were alone.

Cynthia looked steadily into Jane's dark eyes. Pale, tired, and travel-stained as the girl was, there was a loveliness, a pathetic attraction about her at that moment that Cynthia could not fail to realize. This slender girl's superiority over her own selfish worldly nature seemed to come home to Cynthia in the first moment of meeting. The curious feeling of dislike that had gathered so strangely about the name of Jane Ludlowe was intensified.

Cynthia Ludlowe knew instantly that a day would come when there would be more than mere dislike in her heart for this girl, that her irritation would develop into absolute enmity, and that Jane Ludlowe would be a rival to be feared, to be fought, never to be despised.

Cynthia turned away from that sweet pathetic face with a shiver. She knew that her presentiment was a true one, and that it would be fulfilled. She replied coldly, almost harshly to Jane's gentle speech.

"I do not like dogs," she said, not even glancing at Lord John's handsome head or Peter's faithful eyes. "I consider they are quite out of place in a house; their proper home is in the stables."

Jane stood for a moment looking after Lady Ludlowe as she moved towards the open door. The girl saw her father turn eagerly to greet his wife, and evidently to remonstrate with her tenderly for venturing to remain out in the night air. A mist came over Jane's eyes; she mounted the stairs quietly, and the dogs crept after her in a subdued manner, as though they had understood the purport of Lady Ludlowe's last speech. At the top of the stairs Jane stooped to give them each a loving pat.

"Now you will both have to promise me to be very good—as good as gold," she said, laughing a little brokenly, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "It is just as well that we had to bury poor little Mimi at the foot of that big gray hill, or we don't know what would have happened—do we?"

She walked on mechanically to her old well-remembered rooms. There was a chill in her heart, and the weight on her spirit was more than all her love or courage could shake off. She thought she had prepared herself well, but she found it harder than she had imagined. She was grateful to Mrs. Winter that no word of sympathy was spoken, no pity offered at this moment. She could not have borne with any words.

She shut the door of her room gently, and glanced round slowly upon the old familiar scene. Outwardly nothing was changed, and yet it would never, never be the same again. It was no longer her own little home that surrounded her. She had closed the door behind her, but she had not been able to shut out the influence of that cold hard creature who had come into her life so blightingly, so unexpectedly.

Despite all that had happened there had been great yearning in Jane's heart to be back once again in the home she had loved so well. She had told herself that perhaps she had doubted too much, misjudged and mistrusted too quickly. She had felt her yearning grow greater and greater as she had drawn nearer to Carno Court. Once she had turned to Mrs. Winter, a flush on her cheeks, a light in her eyes.

"After all, it is my home, Summer—it is home!" she had said, in a quick low voice.

And Mrs. Winter had smiled back into the girl's eyes; not by a word of hers should the pleasure be spoiled; but she had sighed as she smiled, and Jane had detected the sigh. She recalled it now as she stood alone in the room that had been her baby's kingdom, her girlhood's sanctum, the home of her old happiness.

"It is all changed—all!" she said, with a shudder. "It will never be home again—never—never! Summer was right to sigh, for I have no home now!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESEMBLING POE'S "RAVEN."—The other night, while we lay musing, and our weary brain confusing o'er the topics of the day, suddenly we heard a rattling, as of a serious host a battling, as they mingled in the fray. "What is that?" we cried, up starting, and into the darkness darting, slap we ran against the door. "Oh, 'tis nothing," Edward grumbled, as over a huge armchair we stumbled, "'tis a bug, and nothing more." Then, said we, our anger rising (for we thought it so surprising that a bug should thus offend), "Do you think a small insect, sir, thus would all the air infect, sir?"—"No, 'tis not a bug, my friend." Now, becoming sorely frightened, round our waist our pants we tightened, and put on our coat, and—when into the darkness peering, we saw, with trembling and much fearing, the glaring eyes of Thomas Cat, Esq. With astonishment and wonder, we gazed upon this son of thunder; as he sat upon the floor—with resolution taking, and a rapid movement making, lo! we open'd wide the door. "Now, clear out," we hoarsely shouted, as o'er head our boot was flouted. "Take your presence from my floor." Then with air and mien majestic, this dear creature called domestic, made his exit through the door. Made his exit without growling, neither was his voice a howling, not a single word he said. And with feelings much elated, to escape a doom so fated, we went back to bed.

THE fad of wearing black silk underclothing is said to be dying out among New York society women, and they are returning to less striking shades. This may be due to the fact that the fad of sleeping between black sheets is now being introduced, and fancy demands a change of color for underclothing. "When these delicate dames," says a contemporary, "learn that black dye contains more poison than any other, black sheets and black underclothing may cease to be the rage."

"Do you think those shoes are worth mending?" "Vell, yes, if I sole and heel dem and put new uppers on dem. The strings are still good."

Bric-a-Brac.

CLOTH.—Cotton cloth was first made in India, and was in use there as early as 2 343 years ago. About the year 450 B. C., Herodotus spoke of his fabric, made from the trees of India which bore, as their fruits, fleeces surpassing in beauty and delicacy those of the sheep. From India cotton cloth was introduced in Greece and Rome.

WILLOWS.—One secret of the willow's marvellous tenacity of life is to be found, it is said, in the fact that it sends its roots a long way in search of moisture. It was discovered, after an important aqueduct had caved in, that its walls were cracked and filled for many feet with roots. These roots came from willows at least thirty feet distant.

SNEEZING.—The fashion of saying "God bless you!" after sneezing originated with the ancients. These people believed that some danger attended sneezing, so they generally made a short prayer, such as "Jupiter, help me!" It has been found to be the custom among savages to do the same, and the Jewish rabbis also make mention of the fact.

A BONELESS FISH.—One of the greatest insults expressible in the Japanese language is the word "hovenkukidojo," or "a boneless fish." In the heat of the last elective campaign for the Imperial Diet the "Nishin Shingishi" used this epithet, which really does not mean more than "a fellow without character," in speaking of some gentleman of the other party. A libel suit followed, and the editor of the "Nishin Shingishi" was condemned to undergo one year's penal servitude.

PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIFIERS.—Several Viennese physicians have made a specialty of woman-culture. One of them, a Dr. Robert Fischer, says that his practice of this nature is so great that the days are not long enough. Continues this frank speaker: "Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification when they are in the marriage market. That's the time when the most elaborate reparations of the human form are ordered and undertaken. I have a great deal more to do in the spring and autumn than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

THE BEE.—Careful weighing shows that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the one five thousandth part of a pound, so that it takes 5000 bees, not loaded, to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers, loaded with honey or bee bread, weighs nearly three times more—that is to say, he carries nearly twice his own weight. Of loaded bees there are only about 1800 in the pound. An ordinary hive of bees contains from four to five pound of bees, or between 30,000 and 25,000 individuals, but some swarms have double this weight and number of bees.

THE CREE.—The men and women of the Cree tribe of Indians dress alike, and can be distinguished only by the ornamentation of their leggins, that of the men being vertical and that of the women horizontal. The babies are put into bags lined with moss, which are ornamented with beads. The bag closes at the neck, where there is a loop for slinging the papoose. The mother carries the child on her back in this way, and, when she enters a house or wigwam, she hangs it on a nail. The women ride on saddles astride like men, and the saddle has a horn in front and behind. The papoose is usually suspended from the pommel, under the eye of his mother.

THE ORANGE.—Those who think that in its delicious fruit the entire usefulness of the orange tree is centred are very much mistaken. On the contrary, its flowers furnish by distillation an essential oil that enters into many delicate perfumes. Again, the early unripened fruit gives the distiller a volatile oil for other perfumes used in all else foreign Cologne water. Meanwhile the long, straight shoots are sold numerously for walking-sticks, and the yellow grained wood is in great demand for fancy furniture and inlaid work. A water is obtained from the flowers that is used to disguise the taste of medicines and to flavor cookery, and another oil of value is yielded by the rind.

THE VOICE.—The man with a husky voice is never sanguine. He is a pessimist, and gazes with unexpected eyes at the progress of events. Quick, sharply defined tones denote the energetic man, the originator of projects. They characterize the "man of the world," the man of action, not of thought. The slow and hesitating speaker is rarely quick in action. His mental processes are tardy, though the products may be of permanent value. Indecision is his chief defect, and he is never guilty of energetic resolve. The man of great intellect and good heart has usually a rich and pleasing voice. In ordinary conversation it is low toned, serene, and distinct. In the heat of friendly debate it rolls forth in loud but harmonious vibrations.

TOMMY'S MOTHER.—"Did you hear about poor Mrs. Jones? She ran a needle into her hand. The doctors had to open every finger trying to find it." Tommy—"What made 'em do that, mamma? Why didn't they get the lady another needle?"

HAND IN HAND.

BY O. C.

Pleasure and pain walk hand in hand,
Each is the other's poise,
The borders of the silent land
Are full of troubled noise.

Sin is destructive; he is dead
Whose soul is lost to truth;
While virtue makes the hoary head
Bright with eternal youth.

There is a courage that partakes
Of cowardice; a high
And honest-hearted fear that makes
The man afraid to lie.

How much we take! how little give!
Yet every life is meant
To help all lives; each man should live
For all men's betterment.

A Dark Design.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

THE messenger, who was the man-of-all-work at Elderbank, to whom Dr. Penrose's letter was entrusted to deliver, put into Basil Gilmour's hands a second epistle, at the same time that he gave him the other. This second note being addressed in a feminine hand, Basil naturally opened it first. It proved, as his heart had already divined, to be from Evie Penrose. It was the first time she had written to him, and he pressed the paper not once, but a dozen times, to his lips, before reading a line of it.

"DEAR BASIL"—it ran—"On reaching home, after parting from you, I found that Uncle Matthew had arrived a couple of hours before, although aunt had not expected him till to-morrow. From a remark dropped by Mary, the parlor-maid, I learnt that they had been shut up together in the morning-room for over an hour. As to what passed between them I know nothing, but it is evident that aunt is greatly distressed, and I am afraid that my uncle's coming bodes no good to you and me. I expect every moment that he will send for me and question me, but, as you know, I have nothing to conceal. Aunt tells me that he is going to write to you, but to what purport I dare not guess, although my heart misgives me strangely.

"And now for an unwelcome surprise. We start for London, uncle, aunt, and I, by the seven o'clock train this evening, and aunt says that she has no idea how long we may be away. The news has come upon me like a thunderclap. Uncle has just sent for me, and I have no time to add more. When shall we see each other again? That is a question impossible to answer, but whether the time be long or short, do not doubt, dear Basil, that I shall remain,

"Always your own,
"EVIE PENROSE."

"P. S.—My uncle's London address is No. 29 Great Rutland St.

After reading this carefully twice over, Basil tore open Dr. Penrose's communication. His face darkened as he read, and he drew a deep breath when he reached the end of it.

"Evie an heiress!" he muttered; "she who told me the other day that she had not a five pound note in the world to call her own! Has some fairy godmother been waving a golden wand over her? And now, forsooth, I'm to give her up on pain of being branded as a fortune-hunter and I know not what besides! But nothing less than my dismissal from my darling's own lips shall suffice to divide us. Were I to become suddenly rich, should I not make her my wife just the same? And I will not wrong her by doubting that she—anyhow, only from herself will I take my congé."

He put Evie's letter back into its envelope.

"Her note makes no mention of this sudden change of fortune," he went on, "consequently it is evident that at the time of writing she knew nothing about it. There is some mystery here. Well, they start for London by the seven o'clock train; I will make it my business to follow by the mail. By this time to-morrow, Great Rutland Street and I will have become better acquainted."

He was as good as his word. By eleven o'clock next forenoon, he was pacing the flags of Great Rutland Street and reconnoitring No. 29. The district is one which abounds with boarding-houses and furnished lodgings.

In the house opposite No. 29, there was a card in the window announcing that the drawing-room floor was to let. Basil, who was not a young man to hesitate when once his mind was made up, engaged the rooms there and then, paying a month's rent in advance. Then he set himself patiently to watch the doors and windows of Dr. Penrose's domicile.

It would have been weary work had he not been buoyed up with the thought that at any moment he might see Evie come tripping down the steps, or, at least, catch a glimpse of her face or figure at one of the windows.

He wanted to satisfy himself, first of all, that she was really located in the opposite house; after that, it would not be difficult to devise some plan, by means of which he could arrange for an interview with her.

But when four days had gone by without affording him the slightest glimpse of either Evie or her aunt, his patience became exhausted. He had seen Dr. Penrose, or the man he took to be him, pass out and in daily; callers there had been in plenty, both in carriages and on foot; but no sign or token of her whom he was hungering to see.

So, on the morning of the fifth day, after the doctor had started on his rounds, Basil crossed over the way, knocked boldly at the door, and asked of the servant who answered his summons, whether either Miss Penrose or Miss Eveline Penrose was at home.

Greatly was he surprised and dismayed on being told that no such ladies lived there, or even were there on a visit. Wheresoever else the doctor have bestowed them, it was evident that he had not brought them to his own house. Basil had wasted his time and money to no purpose.

It now occurred to him that there might, perhaps, be a letter from Evie, awaiting him at his lodgings in Trewella, which was the only address of his known to her. Accordingly he at once sent off a telegram and had the satisfaction, next morning, of receiving a re-addressed letter which had been waiting a couple of days for him. Well might his watch in Great Rutland Street prove a futile one, seeing that the letter was dated from "Laurel Cottage, Hampstead."

"DEAR BASIL—Uncle Matthew thought it would be both pleasanter and healthier for aunt and me to take up our quarters at the above address, rather than at his house in Great Rutland Street; consequently here we are. So many strange things have happened during the last few days that I scarcely know whether I'm the same young woman that I was a week ago. At present I will enter into no details, but leave everything to be told you when next we meet, when you must be prepared to be very much astonished indeed. It appears that my uncle's object in bringing me to London at so short a notice was that he might take me to his lawyers in order to obtain my signature to certain documents, as to the nature or contents of which I have only the very vaguest notion. We go back to Trewella, aunt and I, in the course of two or three days, but only to remain there a short time, as I am given to understand. I am told that the future has many surprises in store for me, but, whatever else may come to pass, it will leave unaltered and unchanged the love of your own,

"EVIE."

"P. S.—Although my uncle insists that I ought to give you up, I will never consent to do so, unless you wish it."

It would be useless, Basil reflected, to go in search of Laurel Cottage, seeing that, in all probability, Miss Penrose and Evie would have already taken their departure. There were a number of matters that required his attention.

He would stay a couple of days longer in town, and then go back to Trewella and at once seek an interview with Evie. But it so fell out, that instead of two or three days only, a fortnight elapsed before Basil found himself again at Trewella. A sprained ankle, the result of a fall, kept him a close prisoner to his rooms for upwards of a week.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening of the day on which Basil Gilmour met with the accident which kept him in London a fortnight longer than he had intended, Major Sulgrave knocked at the door of Dr. Penrose in Great Rutland Street, and, having sent in his name, was presently ushered into the library, where he found the man he had come to see, his only companion being a gaunt, brindled wolf-hound which lay stretched on the rug in front of the empty fireplace.

Time had not dealt kindly with the Major; although his sixtieth birthday was still some years ahead of him, his hair was snow-white, while his face was lined and seamed like that of a man of fourscore.

The coldly watchful expression with which his steel-blue eyes had once habitually regarded his fellows, as though ever on the look-out to gain some advantage over them, had given place to a curiously furtive, indeed it might almost called haunted look.

To those with a gift for the reading of such signs, his bearing and demeanor gave the impression of a man whose life was being slowly but surely corroded away by the knowledge of some dark secret which he durst not reveal to any one.

But not only was it a secret which he durst not reveal; it was one which, to a certain extent, left him at the mercy of his accomplice. That the latter, as the actual perpetrator of a deed for the commission of which the other had merely paid him a certain price, might be, and indeed was, the more guilty of the two, did not count for much.

Dr. Penrose was a man getting well into years. What if some day he were to be seized with a fatal illness, and, in one of those moments of weakness to which men are liable at such times, were to reveal everything!

Then again, there was that tall gaunt sister, that feminine edition of her brother—how much, or how little did she know? and who was to guarantee that her tongue would for ever remain sealed? It was the chill dread of what a day, nay, of what an hour may bring forth, which never altogether left him, and at times held him with a grip which seemed to suffocate him—that gave to the Major's eyes that strangely furtive and haunted look.

Seventeen and a half years had gone by since Major Sulgrave had looked for the last time, as he believed, on his dead niece's face, during which he and the doctor had met once. Their paths in life lay wide apart, and each of them had only to keep on his own way in order to avoid the other.

There had come a day, however, when the Major had sought out the doctor, not exactly of his own accord, but because he had been specifically advised to do so. The fact was that for some time back his health had been anything but what it ought to be.

Later, symptoms had developed themselves which his ordinary medical attendant, an old-world country practitioner, hardly felt himself competent to deal with; and it was owing to his representations, and not by any wish of his own, that the Major had sought the advice of Penrose, as that of a man who had made a name for himself in dealing with such cases as the one which now submitted itself to his diagnosis.

On that occasion the two had met simply as doctor and patient. No word had been whispered between them, no slightest allusion had been dropped by either with regard to that which doubtless lay heavy on the recollection of both.

The Major, after having undergone a careful examination, was sent away re-assured. There was nothing seriously the matter with him, he was told; dependent on his carefully carrying out certain instructions, a couple of months ought to see him his own man again.

And now, here he was in Great Rutland Street again; but to-night his errand was a very different one from that which had taken him there a month before.

"Good evening, Major," said the doctor, rising from his chair as the other entered the room. "After our last interview, I hardly expected to see you here again so soon. There has been no aggravation of symptoms in the interim, I hope? But pray be seated. Down, Bruno!" he added sternly to the hound, from whose throat had issued a deep muffled growl.

"Penrose, the strangest thing has happened to me within last few hours," began the Major abruptly as he sank into an easy-chair. "I have received a notice of ejectment from a certain firm of lawyers, accompanied by a secondary notice calling upon me to refund seventeen years' rents, together with whatever other moneys may have been received by me during that time from the Langley Prior estates, the plea set up being—what think you?—Nay, if you were to guess for a year, you would still be wide of the mark!—The preposterous plea, then, now put forward is, that they—the lawyers—are acting on behalf of—well, of a certain person who has the consummate presumption to call herself Eveline Sulgrave, and who claims to be my late brother's daughter! Whereas, with my own eyes I saw the real Eveline Sulgrave, at that time a child, laid out for the grave—you know when and where."

As he finished speaking, he turned his cavernous, bloodshot eyes on the doctor, and was startled to see the expression with which the latter was regarding him. A smile, which was far more than a merely cynical one, curved the doctor's lip: it was the smile of a man who has at last got his enemy into a corner from which there is no escape—the smile of the triumphant gladiator over his fallen opponent a moment before he deals him the last fatal thrust.

"You thought you saw the child in question laid out for the grave, Major Sulgrave."

"What do you mean?" demanded the other quickly with a sudden blanching of his face.

"What you really saw was not the figure of your dead niece, but a waxen effigy of the child which I had caused to be made by an Italian friend of mine. For once in a way your eyes played you false."

"A waxen effigy which you caused to be made!" gasped Sulgrave. "But for what purpose?"

"Listen, and you shall be enlightened. When first you hinted your infamous proposal to me, my immediate impulse was to denounce you for the unmitigated villain that you were; but then came the reflection that unless I seemed to fall in with your views, the child would still remain in your power, and I knew you too well not to feel assured that you would find some other mode of ridding yourself of her. It was the determination to save her life and, at the same time, carry out a purpose of my own, which caused me to act as I did. The child was carried off by my sister to a remote part of the country, and there brought up under her care, passing as her niece and mine, and not till the other day did she herself know aught to the contrary. She is now of age, and the time has at length come for her to claim the rights which you defrauded her out of so many years ago, believing, when you did so, that you had robbed her of her life as well as her patrimony."

Major Sulgrave lay back in his chair, a helplessly inert lump of humanity. For a moment his eyes crossed fire with those of Penrose, but only to drop the next before the coldly implacable gaze of his new-found enemy. Mentally and physically he reeled, as it were, under the blow which the other had just aimed at him. He flung out his arms for help, but they grasped nothing save empty air.

"And yet you sold yourself to me," his dry lips at length contrived to stammer. "You took my money under a promise to do a certain thing; so that, by your own showing, you are no better than a common swindler."

"Not so. Had I not put a price on my supposed services, you would have become suspicious that, in some way or other, I was hood-winking you. The bank-notes you gave me from to time, all of which they passed into my hands, are locked up in my safe, where they have lain untouched for years, and to-morrow they shall be given back to you; you doubtless thought, when I left Winchester and bought a practice in London, that it was with your blood-money I paid for it. It was a very natural conclusion for you to come to. In reality, my means were derived from a legacy left my by a distant relative."

Utterly dazed and confounded, the Major listened like a man in a dream. He had no words at his command wherewith to express a tithe of the feelings which were raging dumbly within him. Ruin, complete and irretrievable, stared him in the face. What had he ever done to this man to make of him an enemy so implacable, so slow of vengeance, but so sure of stroke now that the day of reckoning was here? Not long had he to wait for an answer to the question he thus put to himself.

"I told you just now," resumed Penrose, who in the eyes of the cowering wretch before him seemed to be both judge and executioner in one, "that in acting as I did, I had a certain purpose of my own to accomplish, a certain end to serve. What that was I will now tell you. Go back in memory, Harold Sulgrave, to a summer twenty years ago, while your brother was still alive, when you came to Langley Prior on a visit, and then tell me whether any recollection lingers in your mind of a certain girl, Ann Marsh by name. Ah! I see that you have not quite forgotten her, though doubtless you have striven your hardest to do so. Well; I loved that girl (though she would know it not), and would have made her my wife,

had not you come between us, and deliberately set yourself to accomplish her undoing. You succeeded but too well, as the last act of the tragedy proved. Betrayed and deserted, Ann sought a refuge for all her wrongs in the Upper Mill Pool, while you went on your way, smilingly indifferent. It was then that I swore to be revenged on you, whatsoever the cost to myself might be. After a while the chance came to my hand in a way such as in my wildest dreams I had never anticipated. You gave yourself away to me, and it only rested with me to determine after what fashion I could best work out my scheme of vengeance to the bitter end. In what way I have succeeded in doing so, you have now been told. The girl whom I snatched from the cruel death to which you had doomed her, is of age, and beyond your control. You, who have tasted the sweets of wealth for so many years, will now go back to that poverty and obscurity, the sting of which ate so bitterly into your soul in days gone by, and which will now seem twice as bitter by contrast. Your son is engaged to be married to a daughter of the Earl of Letchford. Will that wedding take place now? I trow not. Ann Marsh is avenged!"

The Major was roused at last.

"Matthew Penrose," he said with slow, envenomed intensity, and a murderous, half insane gleam in his eyes, "had I but brought my revolver with me, I would have shot you dead where you sit before me!"

A contemptuous laugh broke from the doctor's lips. "No, Harold Sulgrave, you would have done nothing of the kind," he said. "In the first place, you are an arrant coward; and, in the second, before you could have raised your hand, my faithful Bruno here would have had his fangs in your throat, and after that——" a significant shrug finished the sentence.

CHAPTER V.

BASIL GILMOUR, on alighting from the train at Trewella, at once engaged the only fly the little station could boast of, to take him to Elderbank, so great was his hurry to see Evie again. He had kept his rooms on, and he now drove round by way of them, in order to rid himself of his portmanteau, and, at the same time, notify his return to his landlady.

Every one who has visited Trewella knows that the quaint little town lies low and sheltered on the inland side of a long line of cliffs, broken here and there by combes, or small valleys, the seaward fronts of which have for untold ages stemmed the full force of the Atlantic. Here and there, along the road which wound upward from the valley in which the small town is built to the wind-swept plateau above, was to be seen a small villa, or cottage ornee, each standing in its own garden, or tiny belt of shrubbery. Of these pleasant domiciles Elderbank was one.

Gilmour alighted at the gate, and paid and dismissed the flyman. His heart beat high with hope and joyful expectancy as his eyes scanned the front of the house in search of the face he loved so well; but only the blank windows stared back at him.

"Perhaps she is out—gone into the town, or for an afternoon stroll along the cliffs," he said to himself, a few rapid strides taking him across the lawn to the front door. His hand was on the knocker, when the door was opened from within, and Miss Penrose confronted him, but so changed and aged, that she looked at least a dozen years older than when Gilmour had seen her last.

"You have found her—you have brought me news of her! Is is not so?" she cried, with a pitiful eagerness in her voice, before the young painter had time to say a word.

"Found her! Found whom, Miss Penrose?" he demanded. "I have come in search of Evie; is she not here?"

"Then you do not know—you have not heard?" wailed the spinster. "And I thought you had come, like a good angel, to bring me tidings of her! But come inside, there is no one in the house but myself and Martha."

Hardly knowing whether he was awake or dreaming, but with a sickening dread at his heart, he followed her into the pleasant little parlor, which only on two previous occasions had it been his privilege to enter. Hardly had he crossed the threshold before Miss Penrose turned, and, with a gesture which had in it the touching recognition of a common loss, laid a hand on each of his shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Gilmour," she cried, "my darling is gone—lost—lost and nowhere to be found! And with that she burst into a passion of tears.

"Gone!—lost!" exclaimed Basil in a tone of stupefaction. "For Heaven's sake, Miss Penrose, tell me what you mean!"

But just then the poor lady was incapable of another word, her sobs shook her from head to foot; so Basil, taking her gently by the hand, led her to the sofa, and seated himself beside her. What she had to tell him, as soon as she could command herself sufficiently, was to the following purport:

It was now Thursday. On Monday afternoon Evie had left home, taking a book with her, and announcing her intention of going for her favorite walk along the cliffs as far as St. Bridget's Bay and back, going and coming making together a distance of about five miles.

Her aunt went with her, as she not infrequently did, as far as the point where the road which led up from the valley joined the footpath which ran along the summit of the cliffs, and then left her, the girl going on her way alone.

It was a still, slightly overcast September afternoon, and the tide was creeping in with a long, slow, oily swell. St. Bridget's Bay, for which Evie was bound, was well known to Basil. It was formed by a break in the sea frontage of the cliffs, and was backed by a lovely wooded glen, which struck inland for a quarter of a mile or more, and through which, dropping by many a miniature cascade, ran a purling stream of purest water, till it was finally dispersed and lost among the sands of the bay. Here Basil had often come to sketch during the summer just ended, and, above all, here it was he had first whispered in Evie's ear that he loved her!

From the time Miss Penrose and Evie parted on Monday afternoon nothing more had been seen, or was known, of the girl. She had never returned home, and no tidings of her were forthcoming. Both the local constabulary and the mounted county force had been communicated with, and a search party, among the fishermen and others, organized; one section taking the glen and its surroundings, while the other devoted itself to the shore and bays for miles in both directions; but, so far, without the shadow of the result. Well might poor Miss Penrose be half distracted.

Gilmour's distraction was no whit less poignant than that of the spinster, in addition to which he was overborne and weighed down by a sense of his utter helplessness, of his inability, not merely to do anything, but even to suggest anything worth acting upon in a conjuncture so strange and unprecedented, which of itself was enough to madden him.

If the forces already at work had been able to effect nothing, what likelihood was there that his services, even if he had known in what direction to put them to the proof, would be of the slightest avail? All his heart within him was crying out to be up and doing, and there was nothing for him to do! The air of the little room seemed to stifle him.

"You have, of course, communicated with your brother, Miss Penrose?" he said at length, when the silence was fast becoming intolerable.

"Oh, yes; I telegraphed to Matthew as soon as ever the office was open on Tuesday morning, but I have had no reply—none whatever. I can't make it out at all, and if——Why, I do believe that is the telegraph boy at the gate!"

And so, indeed, it proved. Dr. Penrose's reply to his sister's message was brief, but to the point:

"Found telegram awaiting my return from special case in country. Will be with you at earliest possible moment."

Miss Penrose brightened visibly. Her faith in her brother and his capabilities was so thorough. She had been so used to rely upon him, and to find that at his touch all her little difficulties and dilemmas vanished as if by magic, that the announcement of his proximate arrival was enough to make her feel as if half her burden were already lifted off her shoulders. If neither the police nor anybody else could succeed in tracing Evie, Matthew would not fail to do so!

But to Basil Gilmour the doctor's message brought no such comfort. Oh, to be compelled to sit there, helpless and inactive, when at that very moment his darling might be——! It seemed to him as if his brain must give way.

Moodily he paced the little parlor, his hands buried deep in his pockets, searching vainly in his mind for some ray of light, some beckoning finger to point the way he should go. But all around him was a blackness as of a dungeon at midnight.

He was alone, Miss Penrose having slipped quietly out of the room some minutes before, when the sudden creaking of the garden-gate cut his sombre reverie as with a knife. His heart gave a great leap. What if it were Evie come back! A couple of strides took him to the window.

No, there was no Evie there, but instead, three people, all strangers to him. The one who led the way towards the front door was a man in uniform; following him came a middle-aged, care-worn woman; while the rear was brought up by a shambling, vacant-looking youth of eighteen or twenty. Gilmour's heart sank, but only to rise with a bound a moment later. "Although Evie herself has not come back," something whispered to him, "may not these people have brought tidings of her?"

And such, in fact, proved to be the case, when the party of three had been ushered by Miss Penrose into the sitting-room.

The man in uniform was none other than Superintendent Fosdyke, chief of the Trewella police; the woman, a person in a very humble way of life, was known among her neighbors as the Widow Scarbin; while the youth was her son, Tony. The story that was now unfolded to the wondering ears of Miss Penrose and Gilmour, with Fosdyke for its principal mouthpiece, was, indeed, a singular one. But before entering on it, it may be as well to devote a few words to Tony Scarbin.

That Tony was not "all there," as the phrase goes—in other words, that he was only half-witted—everybody that knew him was pretty well agreed. In point of fact, he was one of those strange compounds of simplicity and cunning, which puzzle those who know them best to say where one ends and the other begins.

But Tony had a further claim on the forbearance and companion of his fellows: he was a born mute. As with others so situated, he had gradually learnt or had been taught to make known his wants and wishes, and to give expression to his very limited range of ideas, by means of what is commonly known as the deaf-and-dumb alphabet; that is to say, he made use of his fingers instead of his tongue, in communicating with the few people to whom his language of signs was not a sealed mystery; among those few, fortunately for Tony, being his mother.

Tony filled the post of messenger and errand-runner in chief to the good folk of Trewella. Not only did he know everybody, young and old, in the town, but there was not a sheep-path or trackway across the moors for miles around with which he was not acquainted.

Thus it fell out that when lawyer Escombe found himself in need of a messenger to carry a letter to Findorn Grange, fifteen miles across the hills, he naturally sent for Tony Scarbin.

It was on Monday afternoon that Tony set out on his errand. He was to stay over-night at his destination, and return with an answer on the morrow. As it happened, however, the answer was not forthcoming till a couple of days later, during which time Tony was fed and lodged at the Grange, so that not till early on Thursday afternoon did he get back to Trewella.

He delivered the return letter into the lawyer's hands, had been liberally paid, and was partaking of an early tea with his mother, when the news with which all Trewella was ringing was told him—the news of the disappearance of Miss Eveline Penrose of Elderbank.

As a matter of course, Tony knew Eveline; but he not merely knew her, he worshipped her. Her beauty appealed to some dim and heretofore unawakened sense within him, arousing vague delicious feelings and emotions, which but for her might have lain dormant for ever. Whenever he encountered Eveline, it was as though some strange beautiful bird awoke in his heart and began to flutter its wings and beat against the bars of its cage in a vain endeavor to escape, and it was not till hours afterwards, that poor Tony's customary stolid composure would come back to him.

Many, too, were the sixpences which Eveline had given him out of sheer compassion, and without asking any service in return, although he would gladly have gone through fire and water to serve her. But not one kindness she had ever done the poor "natural" was by him forgotten.

Mrs. Scarbin was retailing the news to her son simply as news, and because it happened to be the subject uppermost in her thoughts; but hardly had his slow perception taken in the fact that Miss Eveline had been missing since Monday and could nowhere be found, before he started excitedly to his feet, and his fingers began to work at such a rate, that even Mrs. Scarbin's practised eyes could with difficulty follow them. He could tell something about Miss Eveline; he had seen her on Monday afternoon after leaving Trewella.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Scarbin put on her bonnet, and bidding her son follow her, took her way to the police-station; as a result of which step on her part, Superintendent Fosdyke, the widow, and Tony, now found themselves at Elderbank.

What the chief constable, as Tony's mouthpiece, had to tell, was at once strange and disquieting.

After leaving Trewella on Monday afternoon, Tony's road lay for about three miles along the crown of the cliff, after which he would have to strike inland, and make the best of his way across country to his destination.

When he had got as far as the head of the thickly-wooded combe which led down to St. Bridget's Bay, he sat down, as he told his mother, to rest awhile; but according to his own confession later on, it was less with the view of resting, than of snatching "a fearful joy." The fact was that, early in the day, he had been on an errand for Mrs. Tubbs, the tobacconist, who had rewarded him with a couple of cheap cigars, and it was in order to smoke one of these in secret, that Tony found a seat for himself under a clump of brushwood at the head of the glen. It was his first cigar, and the effect was scarcely such as he had anticipated. For a time, indeed, mundane matters interested him not at all.

When at length he was able to open his eyes and sit up and look about him, the first thing he saw was Miss Eveline Penrose coming in leisurely fashion along the cliffs in the direction of the combe, carrying a book in one hand, and her sunshade in the other.

Then he became aware that, following the same line of footpath, but at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, was another female whom he at once recognized as a stranger he had several times seen during the last few days, either in or about the town, and who, as it was afterwards found, had hired a lodging for a week in the cottage of Michael Annis, a retired master mariner, which partly overlooked the grounds of Elderbank.

Tony sat without stirring till Miss Penrose, having followed the footpath to the edge of the combe, but at a point some distance from where he lay perdu, dipped swiftly down with it and, a moment later, was lost to view among the thick foliage below.

Tony was about to rise and go on his way, when his attention was arrested by a singular action on the part of the woman who had been following Miss Penrose.

Scarcely had Evie disappeared before she came to a halt, and after gazing around her on every side as though to satisfy herself that no one was in sight, she turned her face seaward and drawing as near the edge of the cliff as it was safe to venture, produced from some pocket, what looked like a big white handkerchief, and waved it several times above her head, as if signaling to some one below. That done, she sat down on the short grass, and took no share in anything that followed.

Not only was Tony's curiosity aroused, some instinct seemed to warn him that danger threatened his darling Miss Penrose. Every tree and bush in the combe was known to him, he could have found his way to any given point of it on the darkest night. What he did now was to part the underwood carefully, and make his way forward as stealthily as a hunter on the trail, till he had reached a certain coign of vantage whence, himself unseen, he had an unimpeded view of the sands and the bay beyond.

Even Tony's dull brain felt a shock of surprise when, from his hiding place, he beheld a yawl at anchor in lonely St. Bridget's Bay; no vessel, big or little, to his knowledge, having ever anchored there before. But scarcely had this strange fact time to impress itself on his mental retina, before a dingy, with two men in it, put off from the yawl, leaving a third man on board. Three minutes later the dingy was beached on the sands and the men stepped ashore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOAT-LIFE IN SIAM.—The boat-life of Siam includes almost all life. Business and pleasure, health and happiness, all centre in the river or its branches. A boat and a paddle are almost as natural and indispensable possessions to a Siamese as his arms or legs. He has no notion of traveling any distance except by boat, and the idea of living in a place inaccessible by water generally strikes him as absurd. Three weeks to come down stream with a full cargo, a week to dispose of it and indulge in the gaieties of the capital, four or five months to get back with the emptied boat, and the rest of the year for farm-work at home—such is the programme of many a Siamese family.

SOMETIMES.

BY FLODORA BELL.

Sometimes, when life seems wonderfully dear,
When heart and spirit bound with untold mirth
For very gladness of our God-given birth,
And all the happiness round us here;
When blossoms throng our pathway, skies are clear,
And loved and loving ones are by our sides,
Until it seems in the horizon wide
No touch of sorrow ever could appear:
Then sometimes, in a moment, at a word,
Some memory—a child's sad, lonely cry—
The mournful note of some wild stricken bird—
A look of anguish in some dumb thing's eye—
Will fill the heart with such a weight of grief,
That bitter tears alone will bring relief.

HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV—(CONTINUED.)

THE young man went to the entrance and softly tried the handle, which yielded to his touch; the door was not locked, and the Squire went quietly in. As he stood for a moment in the passage he noticed a little heap of dark cloth upon the floor at his feet, and mechanically stooping down, he picked it up. It was Phil's blue serge cloak, and the young man touched its coarse folds with his lips as he hung it up in the place he had seen it occupy in the little passage; then he softly opened the sitting-room door and went in.

His first action was a distinctly practical one; he went to the fireplace, stirred up the dying embers, and added fresh coal, coaxing it into a blaze. It was the first time in his life that he had performed such a homely office, and he smiled a little as he succeeded in his endeavor.

He could hear footsteps overhead, but there was little or no noise in the house, save these slight sounds. He felt sick at heart as he waited, thinking of the suffering he had seen, and of the girl's brave, tender endurance and patience.

He looked round the pretty room which her skilful fingers had adorned so daintily, and where on every side he saw traces of her tender love and devotion to her father—that father whose miserable weakness had brought them both to their present pass.

He understood now many things which had puzzled him in the two or three days that he had known Doctor Gordon and his daughter. The man's high-bred manner and evidently brilliant intellectual acquirements were as much out of keeping with his position as his daughter's were with the post she occupied, while the many little evidences of artistic taste which remained betokened a happier, or, at least, a more luxurious, existence.

It was this miserable infirmity which had lost Doctor Gordon his practice, and obliged him to retire from the profession he had loved, for he still spoke of it with bitter regret and longing.

It was this which had made the young girl accept a position so inferior to her acquirements, but which gave her a home she could share with him. Dick thought he could picture all her suffering, patience, and sweetness, and he could have fallen at her feet and worshipped her.

Would she be angry when she came downstairs and found him there? Would she mistake this sincere sympathy for an ignoble curiosity or a wish to pry into her affairs? Would she let him try to assist her? Would she share her heavy burden with him, and so lighten her load? She could not look upon him as a stranger. It was true they had met but twice, yet he loved her, and it was possible that, even in so short a time, she had learned to look upon him as a friend.

Presently the footsteps and movements above ceased, and there was silence. The Squire felt his heart beat rapidly; Phil would come downstairs now. Perhaps he would see her and take her hand, and his own trembled at the thought.

He listened, but the silence remained unbroken for a time; then he heard a door open and close, the sound of slow footsteps on the carpetless stairs, and then the door of the sitting-room opened, and Phil Gordon came in.

She was lividly pale, her eyes were sunken, her features pinched, and the young man could scarcely repress an exclamation of pain as he saw the change which those few hours had wrought.

She came forward slowly, her footsteps heavy and dragging, her serge gown trailing after her in heavy unrustling folds, her hands outstretched and groping, as if she could not see her way. With a stifled exclamation of sorrow Dick made a step towards her, and, as he did so, she raised her eyes languidly, looking at him with a strange unseeing gaze.

"Don't be angry," the young man said very gently; "I could not help coming. Forgive me!"

Her pale lips parted, but no sound came from them; her slight form swayed forward, her eyes closed, and Dick caught her as she fell.

CHAPTER V.

IT was an ideal Christmas morning—bright, clear, although very cold, but with the sun shining in a deep blue sky, and a glittering hoar frost clothing the leafless boughs of the trees and gleaming on every blade of grass. It was one of those smiling winter days when Nature looks her loveliest.

Dick Forsyth, standing at one of the windows in the dining-room at the Hall, looked out upon his own beautiful grounds with eyes which were too sad to appreciate their loveliness.

He had rather startled the household by his very early appearance that morning; and the old butler noticed that he had replied to his Christmas greeting with an absent smile and in a careless tone, very unlike his usual hearty, friendly manner towards the old servants who had known him all his life.

Something had annoyed him on the previous night, the butler thought; his master had looked pale and haggard when he returned home half an hour after the party who had supped at the Rectory. Miss Sibyl had vexed him perhaps; her maid announced in the housekeepers' room that her young mistress had come home in a very bad temper.

But it was not Sibyl's undisguised annoyance or his mother's cold displeasure which had caused Dick Forsyth a sleepless night and brought that tired look about the eyes. Sibyl had never perhaps been farther from his thoughts than she was now, as he stood, with his hands thrust into the pockets of his tweed coat, looking out over the park.

He was living over again a bitter-sweet half-hour of the Christmas Eve which he would always remember; he was thinking, as he had been thinking during the long sleepless hours of the winter night, of the lonely girl in the little cottage on the hill whose very loneliness and suffering had drawn her closer to him—the girl whom he loved with the one great love his life would ever know.

It seemed to him, standing there in the morning sunshine, that he was in a snug little room, waiting with a throbbing heart for his solitude to be broke into, and that presently Phil had come in, pale, drooping, stricken, her long dark blue gown making her pallor more marked.

Once more it seemed to him that he held her slight form in his arms, and felt her head upon his shoulder for a moment before he laid her gently down in her father's great arm-chair, putting her out of his arm with a reluctance of which he was quite aware.

Her faintness had been but brief; in a very few minutes she had returned, poor child, to the knowledge of her suffering, and then the pitiful heart-broken weeping she had vainly endeavored to silence had gone to the young man's heart. He seemed to hear it now in the stillness of the beautiful room in which he stood. Ah, how cruel life was to some!

He turned from the window as if the sunshine hurt him, and went over to the hearth, standing with his back to the tall carved mantel-piece and looking down the long luxurious room with its beautiful old Chippendale and the Sheraton furniture, its few valuable pictures, the massive gold plate upon the sideboard, and the exquisite Venetian glass, which caught and reflected the fire-gleam.

The table laid for the morning meal was decorated with holly and with some tawny-hued chrysanthemums; the silver glittered as a long ray of the morning sunshine fell upon the satiny napery and the beautiful old Derby china, while the table and sideboard were loaded with seasonable delicacies.

Dick had been accustomed to this profusion and luxury all his life, and had taken them as a matter of course. He felt ashamed of them now as he recollected the simple self-denying life of the woman he loved, and thought of her sobbing her heart out in the silence of the winter night; while he, who would have given much to have the right to comfort her, had been forced to stand by and stifle his longing to take her in his arms and hush her sobs upon his breast.

He had been with her less than an hour when he had reluctantly torn himself away, remembering how late it was and how she was situated. But during that brief time he had learned to know her better than he might have done in ten years of an ordinary acquaintance. He thought of her now with a yearning love and tenderness which had passion in them; his heart throbbed at the remembrance that he had held her in his arms for a moment, even although she was unconscious of his touch.

It had been sweet to him to be with her in the firelit solitude of that cottage room; to speak a few gentle words of reassurance; to feel that she was not quite alone in her trouble, and, above all, to see that she did not shrink from him, as he had feared she might do.

What a sad Christmas for her, poor child! What would he not have given to have been able to brighten it a little! For a moment the thought came to him of confiding in his mother, of enlisting her womanly sympathy in Phil's loneliness and suffering; but the thought did not dwell long with him. Philippa Gordon had fathomed depths in the ocean of life which Lady Marcia Forsyth could not reach, and his mother had evidently been blind to the girl's culture, refinement, and general superiority.

If the Rector had been a married man, his wife might have befriended the young schoolmistress, for Mr. Venn himself was of so pure and gentle a spirit that he had not failed to recognise Phil's truth and nobility of character; but his mother, who was the mistress of his house, was a stately old lady, who retained many old-fashioned prejudices, and, though kindly, was narrow-minded and illiberal.

The Squire remembered, with a little angry flush, that he had heard her speak of Philippa Gordon as "a deserving young woman." And yet, without the assistance of some kind woman of his own circle, how could he see more of his darling without compromising her, and adding to the bitterness of her life?

It was a difficult position, but Richard Forsyth was a man who, during twenty-seven years of life, had always had his own way if it were possible to obtain it, and he saw no very great obstacle here. True, his mother might oppose at first, and his friends make satirical remarks about his infatuation for the village schoolmistress; but the only real bar to the realization of his wishes would be Phil's own want of love for him.

Perhaps it was the sunshine, or the exhilarating effect of the fresh frosty morning which made him feel strangely hopeful. It was not likely that Phil cared for him yet, but at least he was not objectionable to her. She had tolerated his presence last night almost as if he had had a right by her side in her trouble.

It was true that at first she had been too prostrated, mentally and physically, to make any objection, but, if she had been simply passive, she had revived enough before they parted to whisper thanks with the pretty pale trembling lips he so longed to touch with his own, and there had been a glance by no means unfriendly in the sweet brown eyes which had met his. If there were no one else, if the strong tender heart he craved were not already given, he did not despair of winning yet the poor lonely girl who was so brave, so unselfish, and tender.

As he looked down the long table he saw that the plates before each place were filled with the little parcels, doubtless containing the Christmas gifts for his guests. There were two or three upon his plate, and he had added one to his mother's and to his cousin's.

He could not help wondering if Philippa Gordon would have a Christmas gift that morning. He did not know that the only Christmas gift at the cottage was the book the young schoolmistress had brought and carried home with such heartfelt pleasure, but which now lay unopened on the table where she had placed it.

Presently Lady Marcia came in, stately and beautiful in her velvet fur-trimmed gown, her face softening as her son came to meet her. She had meant to show him the displeasure she felt at his neglect of his guests on the previous night, but it was difficult to carry out this intention with Dick's dark eyes smiling into hers and his arms around her.

"What has your son done to be greeted by a frown on Christmas day?" the young man asked gaily, holding her to him and kissing the white forehead to disperse the two lines between her eyebrows.

"Ah," she said, smiling at the dark handsome face so like her own, "it is Sibyl whom you will have to propitiate! Your old mother is too easily won to overlook your delinquencies."

"But my old mother is the only person who has any right to call me to account," he replied gently. "Sibyl——"

"Sibyl will have the right soon, I hope," Lady Marcia said, smiling. "Dick, when are you going to give me the daughter I so long for?"

Dick turned a little under his healthy bronze; his mother saw the swift eager flash which lightened his dark eyes, and augured well for her hopes.

"Mother," he began gently; but, before he could get any farther, there was a sound of voices without, the door opened, a gay bevy of pretty girls and smart handsome young men came in, and Christmas greetings were freely exchanged.

Sibyl gave her hand to her cousin with a gracious smile of forgiveness, and Dick had a curious sensation as if all these pretty girls who were present had pushed Phil out of the room into the cold of the winter day.

After breakfast there was the pleasant drive over the hard roads to the church. The frost continued, and, but for the sunshine, it would have been intensely cold. Sibyl wrapped to her chin in costliest furs, shivered as her cousin helped her from the brake, and Dick could not help thinking of the girl who had taken off her cloak to shelter her father on the previous night.

But, in truth, it was the incident, and not the girl, that was recalled to him, for he had not ceased to think of Phil for a moment since he had left her on the previous night.

The road to the church was thronged with smiling people, nodding Christmas greetings to each other, so was the path leading through the churchyard to the church porch.

Just as the party from the Hall were about to alight, a tall slight girl, in a long blue serge cloak, entered the porch and hastened up to her seat at the organ.

Dick, occupied with his guests, had not seen her. He did know that the sight of him, with his beautiful cousin, had given one more pang to a lonely, aching, suffering heart, so tried just then that it could scarcely bear the slightest extra strain.

As the Hall party reached their great square pew the first notes of the voluntary rose, filling the church with a melody at once wild, sweet, melancholy, and triumphant. It seemed to the Squire that the organist was putting her whole soul—her suffering, her patience, her passion—into her music.

Only one or two of Lady Marcia's guests thought of the music, but they looked a trifle surprised at such melody from the organ of a little country church. The pretty girls were seating themselves and settling their gowns and furs, the men were finding places for their hats and fur-lined coats, and Lady Marcia was looking languidly round at the wreaths.

Dick wished that his seat commanded a view of the organist; he guessed what an ordeal the service would be to Phil, and was resolved to see her and speak a word to her before returning to the Hall.

The service was a short and bright one, the carols were perfectly rendered, and, if Mr. Venn's brief address was slightly saddened by the look he had seen on the schoolmistress' face that morning, it was perhaps only the more acceptable to some of his congregation, for even at Christmas time there may be sad hearts and weary bodies.

The Rector did not detain them long, and the sun was still shining brightly when the service ended and the congregation filed out to the sweet solemn music of the organ. Miss Gordon played Adam's "Noel," and one or two lingered to listen.

It was no easy matter to get to the carriage that morning, the Squire and his party found; there were so many greetings to exchange as they all went down the pathway.

Dick himself was in no hurry to drive away; he was watching restlessly and eagerly for Miss Gordon. But when, a few minutes later, Phil came out, the Rector was walking beside her, talking to her with apparent earnestness, while she listened in silence and without raising her eyes. The girl looked pale and haggard; there were dark marks under her eyes, and even her lips had lost their color.

As soon as they left the shelter of the porch, the Rector and the schoolmistress found their progress interrupted by Christ-

mas salutations from the parishioners of the one and the pupils of the other.

Dick, watching Phil jealously, saw how the girl forced smiles to her pale lips as she answered these greetings, and that she stopped to kiss the little yellow-haired child of five or six, who gave her a bunch of Christmas roses.

The young Squire's heart throbbed fast; in a moment they would be near each other, and the opportunity he was so eagerly awaiting would be his. He would have gone forward to her, but that he did not wish to make his greeting a conspicuous one.

The Rector advanced to shake hands with Lady Marcia, as the brake was being loaded up, and Sibyl's voice and laughter sounded gaily. She was talking eagerly, but some instinct made her watch her cousin as he held out his hand to the schoolmistress.

Phil put hers into it for a second and forced her lips into a smile, which was sadder, Dick thought, even than her tears of the previous night.

"You will not wish me a merry Christmas," she said, raising her great eyes to the young man's face for a moment with a pleading glance, as she took her hand from his, and would have passed on with a little bow, but that he gently detained her.

"I wish I could make it less unhappy for you," he answered earnestly. "Is there anything I can do? I think you know how gladly I would do it."

"You have been very good," she rejoined; "but I have troubled you more than enough already. You"—she let her eyes rest on his face for a brief moment—"were very good to me last night. I could not thank you then, but I thank you now. I think"—her trembling lips were white as her cheeks as she spoke—"I can never forget your kindness."

She passed on before the Squire could detain her. Many of his guests had been watching the meeting, wondering at it perhaps; Lady Marcia had turned pale, while Sibyl was talking gaily and with unusual animation, but her face was flushed and her eyes glittered angrily.

"I hope you were telling that handsome young schoolmistress what a musical treat she has given us," remarked one of ladies as Dick came up to the carriage.

The speaker was a pretty woman, still young, although with gray hair, which was piled up in a picturesque manner on her head.

"How exquisitely she plays, and what a distinguished-looking girl she is! How would it do to adopt such a costume?"

"It is awfully becoming," remarked a gentleman beside her, a tall fair man, with a distinguished manner and pleasant smile; "and she has a lovely face!"

"A lovely face!" Sibyl echoed, in tones of profound amazement, as she turned her head and looked after the young schoolmistress, whom the Rector had again joined. "Do you really mean that, Lord Beecham?"

"Most certainly," he answered. "Don't you admire her, Miss Mavor? I thought hers a lovely face, notwithstanding her sad appearance."

"Perhaps because of her sadness," observed Lady Carewe, who had been much attracted by Phil's music and a little by her face, the latter being a very secondary consideration to her; "she certainly is lovely!"

"I thought her rather pretty the first time I saw her," Sibyl said rather disdainfully, "but that was by lamp-light. She looks quite faded and old this morning!"

"Her playing is exceptionally good," Lady Carewe remarked emphatically. "What an acquisition such a schoolmistress must be! And what a treasure to the Rector!"

"So it seems!" laughed Lord Beecham, as they drove on and passed Mr. Venn and Miss Gordon.

The Rector raised his hat in friendly salutation, but Phil did not raise her eyes from the ground.

"Probably he fears to lose her, and so would like to change her from a schoolmiss into a Rectoress!"

"An exchange she is not likely to object to!" laughed Sibyl, drawing her furs about her. "It would be a very suitable match in point of age," she added demurely—"a grand thing for her!"

"Mr. Venn is not likely to make such a mesalliance," said Lady Marcia languidly. "Don't talk nonsense, Sibyl!"

"I fail to see the mesalliance," Dick observed quietly; he was looking very proud and a little angry as his dark eyes met his mother. "Mr. Venn is but a gentleman, and Miss Gordon is a gentlewoman, if ever I saw one!"

"A gentlewoman and the schoolmistress!" exclaimed Sibyl, with an outburst of laughter. "I think Dick is talking nonsense now, aunt Marcia!"

"The subject is scarcely worth further discussion," observed Lady Marcia coldly.

"Oh, but you must be interested in the prospect of the Rector's getting married!" Lady Carewe remarked smiling. "Mr. Venn is so nice that, apart from his position, he would make a very desirable husband; and indeed that pretty creature looks worthy of him, or of any one!"

"We all know your Radical tendencies, Lady Carewe," retorted her hotess, with a forced laugh. "Don't infect Treverton, please. We are all good Conservatives here."

"Except the Rector," said Lord Beecham significantly.

"And the Squire," thought Lady Carewe. "The Rector would have a formidable rival in him."

CHAPTER VI.

"AND it is quite impossible, my child?"

"Quite."

It was a curt answer, but it cost Philippa Gordon so much to utter that the tears which she had been endeavoring to force back rolled heavily down her cheeks. The Rector put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't let me grieve you," he said in his kindest tones. "I did not want to add to your unhappiness, my poor child."

"I know, I know!" the girl returned. She had broken down now, and was sobbing wildly and vainly endeavoring to check her sobs. "You have been so good to me always, and——"

"If I may not be more to you," the Rector continued, "let me at least be your friend still. Do not let my folly—it was folly in a man of my age to ask a girl of yours—come between us. Forgive me for my presumption, I"

"Ah, do not speak so!" cried Phil passionately. "Do not think that I do not feel how highly you have honored me. Any woman, however highly placed and worthy, might feel honored and proud to become your wife; while I, poor, humiliated——"

"There is no woman who could be worthier of love and honor than you, Phil," the clergyman interrupted gently. "Do you think any one could know you as I know you, and recognize the perfect unselfishness and nobility of your life? If you had accepted me, my dear, you would have made me not only very happy, but very proud. I shall never forgive myself," he added earnestly, "if what I have said comes between us. Forget it, child, and let us be friends again as we were."

"And you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive. I did not think you could love me, but I wanted"—his voice broke a little—"to see you safe and happy, my poor child, and with me you would have been safe at least."

She turned her eyes upon his face with a swift questioning glance; his gaze met them wistfully, tenderly, and sadly. The color rose in the girl's pale face.

The Rector said nothing, but his grave kindly face grew pale.

It was the beginning of January, and the clear frosty weather still continued. Just now however the early wintry dusk was gathering, and the sitting-room at the cottage was full of shadows, for the fire, a red glowing mass, gave the only light in the pretty quaint room.

Phil was standing by the table, resting her hand upon it. The Rector, looking unusually quiet and thoughtful, was near the window, and stood with his eyes downcast and his lips compressed. It was well that Phil could not see the pain upon his face, for it was great, while the girl's heart felt as if it were breaking within her.

It was holiday time still, and the schoolmistress was not wearing her blue serge gown, but one of black velvet, with quaint puffed sleeves and a falling collar of heavy guipure lace.

It was not the first time Mr. Venn had seen her in one of the pretty gowns which belonged to her in the past, and he had smiled tenderly sometimes at her pathetic endeavors to help her father to forget the change in their fortunes. Doctor Gordon had hated to see her in her "livery," as he sometimes bitterly called her quaint serge gown and bonnet, and every evening Phil had dressed for him to please his sad eye and to help to divert his thoughts from the past.

But, for all her bravery of velvet and lace, Phil was looking worn and haggard, and her sweet dark eyes shone with a feverish brightness. Life since that terrible Christmas Eve had been hard to bear.

Once or twice during that brief fortnight Doctor Gordon had again yielded to the temptation which had such power over him, and his penitence had been so deep, his remorse so great, that his self-humiliation had made Phil quite as wretched as his fall.

The girl was at her wits' end; she felt that, if the knowledge of her father's degradation should be bruited abroad, she would be obliged to give up her situation, and their old terrible existence would have to be resumed. And, if through the tangled woof and warp of her life there ran one golden thread of brightness, the girl had not dared acknowledge it to herself.

She knew so very few of the townspeople that it was not surprising that she had heard none of the rumors which had reached the Rector's ears, and which pained him so terribly.

The latter had once or twice met the Squire climbing the hill leading to the schoolhouse, but he knew that the village gossip must be largely discounted, and that in all probability the frequent visits with which the Squire was credited had never taken place.

But he could not fail to see that Dick was greatly interested in the lonely girl, whose life was so singularly desolate, and who looked so frail and delicate during these days of anxiety that Mr. Venn wondered where she would find strength for her work when the school re-opened, and had longed, with all his strong tender heart, to make her life easier for her. But it was not to be. Phil herself had pathetically told him that it was impossible, and he looked at her with kind, longing, tender regretful eyes as she stood by the table.

"Don't grieve, my child!" he reiterated tenderly, as he took her little cold hands in his. "Remember that nothing—nothing," he repeated emphatically, "can make me less your friend! Always come to me if you are in any trouble."

"You are so kind, so good!" the girl said, with a stifled sob. "How can I——"

"The Squire, if you please, ma'am."

They turned quickly. Peggy stood at the door curtseying, and behind her appeared the tall figure of Richard Forsyth.

"I am afraid I am intruding," the young man observed in his stateliest manner, advancing, very pale and haughty, into the room. "I have brought a book Doctor Gordon wished to see."

"My father is out," Phil faltered, turning her sweet startled eyes upon his face. Her hand was still in Mr. Venn's, and the Rector felt them tremble.

"Would you mind—should I be terribly in the way if I waited for him?" Dick asked, his manner softening involuntarily. "I wanted to see him particularly; but, if I am de trop——"

He paused, looking from one to the other with angry wistful glances, at which the Rector would have smiled had he been less sad at heart.

"Oh, no!" he rejoined quietly. "Miss Gordon and I have finished our talk, and I am just going, Dick. Will you come with me to the Rectory—my mother complains that you are neglecting us—and return here later when there is a likelihood of Doctor Gordon's being at home?"

"You are very kind." The young man's tone was almost insolent. "If I am not in Miss Gordon's way, I should prefer to wait here."

Phil murmured something, she scarcely knew what; but the Squire evidently interpreted it into a permission to remain, and he crossed to the fire and stood looking very much at home. The Rector took up his hat with a keen look at the young man's handsome moody face, which bore many a mark of unrest and care that had not been there a few weeks before.

"Good-bye, my child—take care of yourself!" he remarked, in quite his everyday manner. "Good-bye, Dick! I hope Lady Marcia is better? I was sorry to hear she had so severe a fainting attack."

"She is better," Dick answered curtly. "She overtaxed herself, I suppose, while our friends were here. They are gone now, and we shall have some peace, I hope."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SO PREVALENT AND SO FATAL HAS Consumption become, that it is now everywhere dreaded as the great scourge of humanity; and yet, in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily relieved and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma, and also for Coughs and Colds.

Scientific and Useful.

RUSSIA LEATHER.—Russia leather derives its well-known odor, and its power of withstanding the attacks of insects, and the progress of decay, from its being manufactured with oil obtained from the destructive distillation of the bark of the birch.

ELECTRIC OVEN.—An electric oven, just invented, roasts beef and other joints, and bakes pies and puddings, while the outside of the oven heats the contents of pans, kettles, etc. There are no ashes, no smoke, no fuel, and in an instant the heat may be turned on or extinguished.

FOR CHILDREN.—The following represent the best meats for children in the order of their digestibility: Cold mutton, mutton chops, venison, tenderloin, sirloin steak, lamb chops, roast beef, rabbit meat and chicken. Veal, pork, turkey, goose and duck should be excluded from the children's bill of fare.

LIGHTING.—A scientific way of lighting pipes and cigars that has been recently introduced in Paris contains pyrophorus, which is preserved in a small tin case with a narrow orifice. When a little of this black powder is poured out on the end of a cigar, or on the tobacco in a pipe stem, and then gently breathed upon, it becomes incandescent, and is in a condition to light the said pipe or cigar.

SHOEING HORSES.—A Paris blacksmith has invented a new system of shoeing horses. Instead of the shoe being placed—frequently much too hot—on the hoof, and burning its own resting place, the outside of the hoof is cut away round the foot to about the depth of half an inch; this leaves a ledge into which the shoe fits, and is then flush with the frog, which just touches the ground, and the whole foot rests on the ground instead of being raised as of old by the shoes.

WATERPROOFING.—The following plan of rendering tissues waterproof is said to be very effective—Plunge the fabric into a solution containing 20 per cent. of soap, and afterwards into another solution containing the same percentage of sulphate of copper; wash the fabric, and the operation is finished. An indissoluble stearate, margarate or oleate of copper, is formed in the interstices of the tissue, which thus becomes impervious to moisture. This process is particularly recommended for rick cloths, awnings, and similar objects.

Farm and Garden.

BEES.—Bees never make an attack while in quest of honey or on their return until they have entered the hive, says a writer. It is only in the hive and in its vicinity that we may expect them to manifest this irascible disposition.

PASTURES.—Permanent pastures may be made of one species of grass only, but the feeding value is increased by having a variety. The variety should be selected with a regard to their habits of growth—as hardihood, durability, the part of the season during which they grow and the feeding value of each.

THE HOME.—There are many good farmers who make the mistake of imagining all the money spent in making the home beautiful and comfortable is so much lost and they will invest thousands in barns and conveniences for stock and stock feeding, and keep their families in cramped and uncomfortable quarters.

FEATHERS.—To utilize the feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally thrown aside as refuse, trim the plume from the stump, inclose them in a light bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and not a few other purposes.

MUD.—There is no nuisance on the farm greater than a muddy barnyard. It is not possible to give stock any proper care when one must wade knee-deep in mud to do it, nor are cattle well off when compelled to spend any portion of their time standing amid such filth. Stock keeping will always be unprofitable in such conditions.

LAYING FOWLS.—A writer says that the true feed for laying fowls is one-third or one quarter Indian corn, ground or otherwise, and oats or wheat, together with milk and whatever scraps from the house are obtainable, and as much green vegetable food as they will eat; and with these, combined and fed properly, your eggs will be of the true gold and silver stamp.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials sent free.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. K. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 2, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Reason and Sentiment.

We commonly fail to realize how large a part sentiment plays in some of the most strenuous of our activities. The politician would be insulted if it were hinted that he is not holding aloft his own particular banner because he understands its own inscription and sympathizes with the movement which it symbolizes; yet the chances are that he is enrolled in his present political corps because his fathers served in it before him, and he regards it as his side by nature rather than on the grounds of well-considered principle.

Or, deeper than party politics, do we not find that love of one's country is almost entirely sentimental? The number of people who love their fatherland because of the material benefits that citizenship gives must surely be very few—indeed, one of the most marvellous contradictions that perplex the politician is the love of country shown by people who seem to have little to thank their country for.

The crofter, in his cabin made of loosely-piled stones and looking like a gray heap on the hillside, with only a patch of niggardly soil at hand for corn-growing, with black sad hills around him that are pulsating with heat in their summer bareness and deep under snow throughout the winter, will nevertheless love not only his country, but his own cheerless nook of it with an intensity which the cool reasoning man of large affairs and cosmopolitan instincts would consider uncalled for and indefensible.

In religion the reign of sentiment is equally undisputed. Do you think that these worshippers have thought out the significance and traced the bearings of their peculiar tenets? Some have done so, we know, though it is probable that they are not the best exponents of the faith. Others are more or less unconsciously attracted by secondary considerations—such as social interest; but the vast majority are held to their allegiance by sentiment. They will not desert the faith of their fathers and do despite to associations and memories that must always remain dear.

The relation between reason and sentiment is not unlike the relation between use and beauty. Exact thinking gives us nearly the whole of our material advantages, but sentiment adds the glow of enjoyment to life.

It may be argued with a good deal of plausibility that nothing need be said in favor of sentiment to-day, as it more than holds its own, and has shown a tendency towards unjustifiable aggression. Glaring instances appear in the wide-spread sympathy that is felt for notorious criminals who manage to pose in an attractive way before the public.

In these cases sentiment passes into maudlin sentimentality. No matter how gross the offence may have been, a section of the public will be waiting to lionize the offender, provided there is an aspect of the case that appeals to the imagination.

A milder form of the same pernicious alliance with wrong-doing is to be seen in the agitations of the "faddists" who think that children are dear little angels who may be coaxed into goodness by argument and lollipops, and that any practical reminders of the stern repression with which Nature visits those who offend against her laws is quite out of place.

The child's will must not be overborne lest any of its "rights" should be infringed. Such sentiment is often the weakness of cowards who shrink from looking facts in the face.

No doubt there was something of cowardice as well as love of doing the easiest thing, and a sneaking sympathy with a free vagabond life, which led us all to fee the tramp.

Yes—there is no need that we should spend much time on the sentimental half of our subject when so large a portion of society will not take any other view of some of the most serious problems. "Political economy," they cry—"it is hard, grinding, careless! It treats man, with all his passions, his unbreakable will and power of initiation, as if he were a stock or stone taking shape entirely from the outside forces of Nature! We will make a place in your philosophies for the sentimental and humane, which is quite as integral a part of man's nature as his logical faculties. We will not be the playthings of your laws of supply and demand, but will share the shaping of our destiny more largely than your so-called inexorable fixed conditions will allow!" Can the revolt be successfully made?

From which cast of thought—the reasoning, calculating, careful, or the sentimental and impulsive—may the greater amount of happiness be derived? Temperament will determine the answer to a large extent, for the methodical matter-of-fact man would only court misery if he were to try to be sentimental, but, allowing for temperament, it is the man of sentiment whose enjoyment is keenest.

It is not easy to see how the reasoning man, who has carefully laid out his lines and parallels and diligently besieged success, can ever enjoy the hazy, flimsy, delicious pleasures which are so sweet to the man of taste, imagination and sentiment.

To him a mountain may be made impressive by its cubical contents or the number of grouse it harbors; but its lights and shades will hardly remain a joy for ever in his memory. The planner who lives by reason is the world's utility man; but the glow and warmth of life come chiefly to the sentimental.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS, says Mr. Herbert Spencer, has in many outgrown that stage in which the sense of a compelling power is joined with rectitude of action. The truly honest man, here and there to be found, is not only without thought of legal or other compulsion when he discharges an equitable claim on him, but he is without thought of self-compulsion. He does the right thing with a simple feeling of satisfaction in doing it, and is indeed impatient if anything prevents him from having the satisfaction of doing it. This is the true virtue, yet it contains no self-denial. This is the beauty of goodness, which all revere and delight in.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this: That when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours. If both the ways were equally in our power, yet it is a much more desirable conquest to overcome evil with good, than with evil. By this, we can only conquer our enemy, and may perhaps fall in that; but by the other we certainly conquer ourselves, and perhaps our enemy too; overcoming him in the noblest manner, and leading him gently till he be cool, and without force effectually subduing him to be our friend.

THERE are harsh and rough and haughty ways of granting favors which take all the grace and beauty out of them and destroy the gratitude which otherwise would naturally flow. It was once said of a talented and lovely woman that her sweet and gracious manner of refusing a request was far more welcome and pleasing than the consent given by another. To accept a favor given reluctantly or with a gruff and discourteous bearing, or with the air of a superior, always produces a sense of humiliation, and nothing is more fatal to gratitude.

IT is not an uncommon thing to sympathize keenly with sorrow and suffering, yet to be practically unable to sympathize with joy. Such persons are indefatigable wherever there is trouble. They prove themselves to be friends indeed in times of adversity, but their interest cools when the stress is over and their friends are prosperous. Then they fancy they are not needed, so they shut out from themselves and from others a large store of happiness rightly belonging to both.

A PUNCTUAL man is rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

IF we wait until we have more than we want before beginning to give, we shall die without giving; but, if we give out of our scanty portion to those whose need is greater than ours, we shall live as givers, and shall enjoy living. The man who gives only from his surplus never knows the real joy of giving.

UNTIL a man can control his own nature, with its various desires and passions, thoughts and emotions, actions and expressions, he cannot acquire that real strength which will enable him to conquer the difficulties of life or to obtain any true influence over others.

THE same self respect which prevents an honorable man from doing in secret that which he would be ashamed to do openly should also prevent him from tolerating within himself a single wish which his best judgment disapproves or his highest moral conception repudiates.

THE man lives most perfectly whose constant happiness is found in the consciousness that, in doing the best that he can for himself, he is also doing the best that he can for every being that is capable of having good done to it.

WHEN a man becomes indifferent to women, to children and young people, he may know that he is superannuated, and has withdrawn from whatsoever is sweetest and purest in human existence.

As we are bound not to inflict unnecessary suffering on animals, so are we obliged to avert all that tends to add to the sorrow and trials of our common humanity.

ONE is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

A PART of the perfection of this life is to believe ourselves far from perfection.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S.—The distance from the North Pole to the Equator is about 6,000 miles.

FLAX.—Either party may make the recognition; the greater respect is due to the married lady, and raising the hat is a mark of respect.

S. W. S.—The quotation "The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love," is from the Latin poet Terence. Butler has reproduced the idea in a slightly different form in his Hudibras.

META.—If you cannot make up your mind as to which of the two young men you love best you cannot be very deeply in love with either. Wait a little while before giving a decided answer.

Y. S.—Sunlight is superior to artificial light because its action upon the eye is equable and unvarying; never wavering or flickering; hence it may be used long without fatigue to the eye.

V. C. H.—When mixed with nitric or sulphuric acid glycerine becomes the terrible explosive compound called nitro-glycerine, which is much stronger than gun-powder. It is used for blasting in mines, quarries, and tunnels.

T. W. T.—A clinical baptism is that administered to persons on a sick bed. A clinical lecture is a discourse delivered at the bedside of the sick, or from notes taken at the bedside, by a physician, with a view to practical instruction.

C. T. R.—The king who was sometimes called the "Napoleon of Peace," was Louis Philippe. It is said that the king liked to be called by this appellation, because it was "in allusion to the great increase in wealth and the steady physical progress of the French nation during his reign of eighteen years."

JANE C.—People in bad health are prone to be fretful. Your sister, in all probability, meant no harm. In sickness kindness often effects a cure sooner than the medicine of the faculty. The mind is lord of the body, and the sympathetic influences of the two are so close that, when the one is injured the other is sure to suffer. Take counsel from the emotions of your good heart, and patience will soon come to your relief.

C. T. A.—To repair a hole in a rubber shoe or water-proof garment, a piece of close-grained linen is dipped in liquid rubber cement and laid upon the place to be repaired, which has been previously brushed over with the cement. As soon as the linen adheres, the cement is applied and smoothed. With a little care and practice the shoe or garment can be repaired so that it can be detected only upon the closet inspection.

A. G.—The proper time for young ladies to marry is when they feel competent to assume the responsibilities of matrimony. They should also be sure that the man of their choice is equally fitted to love, honor, and cherish them, and not marry off-hand, with the mistaken idea that it is absolutely necessary to do so. It is far better for a woman to live a life of single-blessedness than to blight her after existence by selecting a worthless husband.

DISPUTE.—"Home, Sweet Home" is a popular lyric contained in the drama of Clari, the Maid of Milan, by John Howard Payne, an American actor and dramatist, born in 1792 at New York; during the latter years of his life Payne was consul of the United States at Tunis, where he died in 1852, but not, we believe, in poverty; the melody to which the lyric has been wedded is said to be of Italian or Sicilian origin, though by some it is attributed to Sir Henry Bishop; perhaps Sir Henry merely arraged and harmonized it.

MARY.—You put to us a multitude of questions, but the whole of them require but a general answer. In this age intellectual accomplishments in women are treated with the highest regard. We have traveled out of the narrow paths of barbarism, and gone into those of a just and generous appreciation of woman's character. The choicest ornaments of modern society are intellectual women, and the parent who would deny to his daughter an education commensurate with his circumstances in life, commits a crime against society.

R. L. L.—We agree with you that, on the whole, the conversation of men is more interesting than the conversation of women; but you have been very unfortunate if you have not met women who were the equals of clever men as talkers and their superiors in tact. Women cannot fairly be blamed because in many cases the range of their subjects in conversation is limited. Often their lives are lived within a very narrow round, and the materials for varied and entertaining talk between men and women is far more interesting than the arguments of men or the gossip of women left to themselves.

STUDENT.—Logic is a better subject for a law-student than algebra, for, though somewhat similar mental processes are pursued in each case, the forms of expression in logic are much more flexible than in algebra. To reason by means of rigid formulæ that only admit of one being right or wrong is a very different thing from expressing one's meaning in terms that are themselves illusive and admit of many shades of meaning. The logician has to be an adept in the use of words as well as a close thinker, and in that he is like the lawyer, whereas the algebraist has no difficulty with his forms of expression if only his reasoning is clear. If he gets his blow home, the edge of his weapon is never turned. What reason is there why you should not study both logic and algebra?

TWO LIVES.

BY PAUL MICKEL.

They met in fair sunlight, in shadow they parted,
Sad doubts and reproachings their love came between;
Yet they strove in their grief each to seem careless hearted,
And pride held a barrier that else had not been.

Thus they drift on their way, with no hope that may lighten
The burning despair and the solitude lone;
'Mid such anguish the only faint gleam that can brighten
Is the tear that is shed when the other is gone!

And the vision of years that yet see no to-morrow
Beholds the dark cloud of an endless unrest;
For the heart that has lost its loved mate broods in sorrow,
Like a bird that's forsaken or robbed of her nest.

Dead, but Not Buried.

BY M. C.

MY wife and I were starting for the South of France on our second honeymoon; as I said, to cheer her spirits. It came about in this way. Aileen was nervous, depressed, and constantly troubled by the fancy of a haunting presence near her—in plain English, of a ghost.

A year had hardly rolled round to the date of our wedding. Our little Ulster home, if small, was cosy. The air was bracing and the view splendid over the mountain slopes around and the valley below, where three lakes lay like scattered sapphires. We were as happy together as any two mortals . . . . . ! Well, there, take that for granted. It is in bad taste to talk in public, as some men do, of what should be personally sacred.

May weather was stirring the earth to its heart with new life. Fresh leaves and flowers in hedges and bushes; nests in the branches, with warm eggs or a callow brood in each. But the May brought no rejoicing of new life to our two hearts. Our nest was empty of a nestling: there was the trouble.

A few weeks ago a child's cry had startled the listening house, sooner than our ears expected to her the welcome sound. Then the feeble wail hushed.

After that a great silence fell upon our little home. Even when Aileen came down for the second time I went about trying to walk softly in my big shooting-boots, spoke very quietly and was careful how I shut a door. It was pitiful to see my darling's face so pale, while there was a new wistful look in her blue eyes that went to my heart.

I said the second time, for Aileen had been strong enough to come down once before, one unlucky afternoon. I carried her to the sofa by the drawing-widow, and Ellen, her maid, helped to settle the pillows. Presently the old nurse brought in the baby and laid it by her. They made such a pretty picture I lingered at the door to look back, being obliged to see to some work outside before dark, and the twilight was falling. "You need not mind leaving me, I am in good company," laughed my wife. (It was a long time before she laughed again.)

A quarter of an hour later, as I was in the stable, a maid came flying out with the news that her mistress was taken ill and fainting. When I hurried in Aileen was only able to falter with her head on my shoulder, "Oh, so frightened! . . . . A face at the window . . . . . I saw Desmond Ryan's face! . . . . Yes, I did, I did!—as clearly as in life. He looked so wickedly at baby and me . . . " Then she lost consciousness.

The doctor was summoned in all haste; we brought her round, thank God. But next day the child died.

"Its life was so frail perhaps that it is for the best," said the doctor consolingly; "but it is a pity Mrs. Lennox has taken this fancy of a ghost into her head."

For Desmond Ryan, you understand, had died a year ago.

He was once one of Aileen's many admirers; the only trait I ever heard to his credit. Otherwise he was a handsome fellow, who went nearly mad, what between whiskey and disappointed love. He used to be a near neighbor of Aileen's, a country doctor, but he got reckless and lost his practice when she refused him. Then he went about declaring he would either take my life or his own. To my satisfaction it was his. In a fit of frenzy he either fell or threw himself off a bridge into a rapid mountain stream. Some country people who saw the—accident, ran to the rescue. But they were too late; the torrent had swept him too swiftly down stream. His body was never found, although searched for diligently. Either it remained jammed in the rocks or was carried down to the sea, a mile away. Anyhow, he was drowned, take that for granted.

Well, three weeks later, just as I had begun to hope for Aileen's fancy fading, the same thing happened again. She had taken a dislike to the sitting room since her fright, so I coaxed her down into my den, making it as cosy as guns and sporting paraphernalia would allow. As on most days, work called me outside. But when it grew dark that afternoon, Ellen, the maid, came in to keep her mistress company.

My wife smiled at that, for though still weak she was a brave girl. "You can go and bring up the tea, Ellen," she said; "I am not such a coward that I mind being left alone."

A few minutes later a scream was heard through the house. Ellen rushed from the kitchen and found her mistress again fainting. Once more, on recovering, my poor girl told me the same tale of hallucination. Lying on the sofa, a curious feeling came over her of being watched. She turned her head reluctantly to the window and saw a face pressed to the pane—Ryan's face, looking as in life, but paler; with an evil expression, as of a lost soul, that made her blood run cold.

Affectionate argument, soothing remonstrances, were useless.

"I saw him, I know I saw him," she only replied, weakly breaking into tears.

How far my poor Aileen held herself responsible for Ryan's death I never knew.

"Don't discuss it. Take her away for change of scene," said the doctor. This seemed best; otherwise I proposed moving to another house at a sacrifice of rent. Whereupon Aileen had only shaken her head hopelessly, murmuring, "What use?"

Spring was too far advanced for the Riviera, but the idea of three weeks in the Pyrenees pleased us both. So we started.

Already, on reaching Calais, Aileen had begun to look about her with new interest. But just as I was beginning to congratulate myself, my wife took my arm on the platform, whispering hurriedly, "Do you see that man who has been following us from the buffet? Let us get into the train, quick. I dislike his look."

The object of her remark was merely an inoffensive, red-bearded individual, of the bagman type, who walked with a limp. He followed into our carriage, worse luck! but soon buried himself in newspapers, or slept under a traveling cap, all the way to Paris. Still Aileen kept stealing apprehensive glances at him from time to time while we discussed our plans in murmurs.

Paris in May is beautiful. Its brightness soon charmed away the nervous, watchful expression in Aileen's face to my great gladness. The last night of our stay I said so in the privacy of our room.

"Well, my girl, crossing the water has had the proverbial effect on your spirits. Desmond's ghost can't follow us here, eh?"

Hardly had the words left my lips when we both started, Aileen clinging to me and shaking like an aspen leaf.

A chuckling laugh sounded close by, so malicious it was almost blood-curdling. Apparently the sound came from the next room. But though I instantly hailed the offender, and we stood listening, not the faintest stir could be detached.

My wife had turned as white as ashes. I rang the bell violently, and when the tardy waiter came inquired who was the next-door neighbor that had disturbed our peace.

"There is no one there, m'sieu," said the man, astonished. "A lady left it that afternoon. Tenez—if you doubt, come and see for yourself."

I followed him promptly into the other room. It was empty.

Not to overtire Aileen, we took the day train as far as Nimes, meaning to stay a night there and then hasten on to the mountains. After a pleasant journey we dined on board. Aileen returned to our compartment along the corridor, while I stayed to smoke. Presently, as the "Rapide" swayed on its course, an old gentleman, wearing blue spectacles, came groping unsteadily from a further table. A violent lurch of the train almost upset his balance, so I caught his arm.

"Thank you, my dear sir; thank you kindly," he said in a pleasant voice. "Ah, none like fellow-countryman in all times of need. Now, if I may stay beside you, I fancy it will be wiser for me to await the next station before getting back to my seat, and not risk annoying more passengers."

Naturally I made the old fellow welcome, having great liking and reverence for old age. And a most cheerful companion this one turned out to be; not exactly venerable, but boyishly gay. Though a martyr to gout, and suffering from weak eye-sight, he was traveling alone, poohpoohing any idea of being an object of sympathy. On the contrary, he seemed brimming with enjoyment of the smallest blessings of life, and so keen in anticipation of the Roman remains at Nimes, he quite fired me to kindred feeling.

"We shall have to stay another day, dear, and see the famous old aqueduct over the river Gard," I exclaimed, returning to Aileen with explanations of my delay.

"I believe this country is full of interesting places and if you listen to many more travelers, we shall never get to the mountains," she returned, kindling to enthusiasm, but regretful too. Our time was so short, and we both wanted to see everything.

"Well, I promise to stop my ears in future; but this is so very nice an old gentleman."

At Avignon, however, this good opinion of my new acquaintance was slightly damped. Having to change trains, I escorted my wife safely across the line, and was then stretching my legs on the platform, when the old gentleman came hobbling painfully along.

"Ah, lucky young man not to have got the gout—yet." He pointed comically down at an enormous felt boot. Then with a wistful look at the buffet on the opposite side, "And I want a cup of coffee very much—very much. A waiter would bring it across if——"

"All right, I'll go and order it for you," said I leisurely.

"My dear fellow, thanks! thanks! But would you go now? There is not too much time. . . . . I—I—I——"

He was literally dancing with impatience.

"Lot's of time, I assure you. But I'll hurry them—Hallo! What's that lantern being swung for?" To my left, some way up the line, a porter was making signals with a light, evidently to an expected train, which I cautiously looked for on the curving track.

"All right! it's not in sight. Go now—go!"

Seizing my arm in his excitement, the old man gave me quite a vigorous shove on the rails.

A leap backward! Just in time, as a buffer almost grazed my arm. Then an engine silently passed in the darkness of the ill-lighted station over the spot where I had stood one moment before, going slowly, but with sufficient impetus to have knocked me down under its pitiless bulk. While looking out up-line, I had not turned my head the other way till the last instant. Thank God! not too late.

"What a squeak! You nearly did for me that time," I said, taking a hard breath.

"Ho, ho, ho! . . . . ho, ho! Excuse me, my good fellow, but you had a near shave of it." My old man was shaking in a fit of apparently irrepressible laughter.

"It's all very well, sir, but you don't seem to realize that I might be a corpse by now."

"I do—I do! There is the very joke. Here this minute, there the next. Lord! what would your good lady have said? Don't look so glum, man. From the glimpse I had of her, she's got another husband easily. No fear of that."

"Humph! I will tell this porter to get your coffee, as you don't speak the language of the country." So saying, I turned away with cold politeness. Such recklessness in a man of his years seemed all the more unfitting and his levity ill-timed. Certainly he himself had not much life left to risk.

"Meet you later on, I hope," called the cheerful gray-beard after me, unabashed. "Quite feel as if I had nearly been seeing you off to heaven by special train."

When I returned to Aileen, she was watching for me with a slight anxiety she tried to hide, being ashamed of the nervousness that lately troubled her usually fearless nature.

"Well! . . . safe back. I began to fancy that nice old man of yours was a wicked magician who would carry you off, and I should never see you more," she smiled.

"Phew! it is getting chilly" (a shiver passed me). "Oh, I left the old joker to his own company. How did you guess I was with him?"

"Because he came searching for you. Then he seemed even more anxious to talk to me, but I am afraid I was not encouraging. Somehow, Gillie, your aged irrepressible made me feel as if he might be the bogie-man of our nursery days." (Aileen had taken a dislike to the gay septuagenarian, but did not like to say so lest I should think her too whimsical in her nervous fancies.)

"Ha, little woman, I suspect he tried paying you compliments as the bogie catches naughty children with sugar-plums. What, he did, eh? He doesn't know you are surfeited with them from me."

Now, it is odd, but a fact, that once or twice when I have been favorably impressed by some stranger with a pleasing address, Aileen has expressed a doubt or distrust for which she was totally unable to give any adequate reason. On these rare occasions she has invariably proved to be right, so that I now silently reflect on her opinion. If women have this queer power of divination, as I fancy, a man may as well turn it to account.

Next morning, as we emerged from our hotel at Nimes, a simultaneous exclamation of pleasure burst from us both.

The sunshine was like stepping into a bath of brightness. The warm air was balmy with a thousand scents, for it was May, and this was the land of roses. In front, alleys of trees invited us to their shade, where a gardener was playing a hose on the horse chestnut blossoms. Passing white-capped nurses and playing children, we rounded some buildings, then stopped short in delighted surprise. A glorious ring of Roman masonry rose before us, solid as in the days of Augustus Cæsar. No need to ask what were those massive arches piled one on another. It must be the famous arena of Nimes.

Once inside the great vaulted entrance there lay the circus, sun-smitten, in a giant ring. Its perfection was almost startling. The guardian allowed us to wander alone at our will, so we went up steps hollowed by centuries of hurrying feet, and sat on stone benches which imagination easily filled with countless Roman spectators—like ourselves.

"I almost believe that I lived then, and that I remember all this," cried Aileen enthusiastically.

Down below, the arena was fresh gravelled for next Sunday's bull fight. The illusion wanted nought of perfection, but that the "stage-boxes" were empty gaps, while here and there a stairway was missing. It was a rare pleasure to stray round the wide upper galleries, where sunlight and shadow meet in sharp contrast, and to forget the modern street below, its tram, bonnes and trotting poodles.

Aileen sat down by-and-by to dream. I clambered over some uneven masonry to a higher point. Here there yawned a deep shaft at my feet. Standing lost in reverie, not a sound struck my ear, but "the tail of my eye" suddenly saw the swiftly advancing shadow of a man crowned by a wide hat. Instinctively I braced my muscles and swung round, shooting out my left elbow just as a strong grip caught my shoulder.

Back we both staggered, my antagonist stumbling under my onslaught. As a strange premonition had told me already, he was my playful old gentleman.

"I—I—I——. Gad, sir, you nearly knocked the breath out of my body."

"There would have been still less breath left in me, if I hadn't paid the compliment first," I grimly rejoined, pointing downwards.

"Eh, what's that? Bless my soul, I never saw it, I'm so blind. I only did it for a lark. How did you know I was coming)" (This whimperingly, like a disappointed child.)

"Because you have a shadow, unlike the men who sold his soul."

Twice during this short colloquy my wife's voice was heard calling. Now it sounded a third time, a sharp from distress that I hastened to her side.

"Oh, Gilbert, I was terrified! That awful old madman. I saw him creeping up to you so stealthily. Why did he spring upon you? What happened?" Luckily she could not see the shaft.

"It was only his idea of fun, dear," said I heartily. "I was rather rough in return, and he seems cross." Just then the old gentleman passed at a little distance, tapping ostentatiously with his stick at the shadows.

"Come away. Let us avoid him, entreated Aileen, and I agreed.

So we left the arena and turned our steps down a boulevard, shaded by trees. Soon Aileen forgot her momentary fright in delight as we came into the Place, where stands the Maison Carree, that gem of a temple raised to the grandsons of Augus-

tus. Step by step we went round itssquare, on a pilgrimage of admiration, and agreed with the enthusiast who wrote that it ought to be shrined in a casket of gold.

Not till late in the day did we find ourselves in the gardens of the Fountain, which seem surrounded by water and shade with their environing canal and chestnut trees, like giant candelabra, bearing waxen flowers. Above, the cliffs were covered with thousands of yellow tea-roses; a great mantle of white ones fell over the rocks close by.

"How the Romans chose pleasant spots for their baths," said I, eyeing longingly the wide marble basin at our feet, whither steps and pillared recesses still seem to invite one.

This is the "Fountain" of Nemausis, the god of the province; yonder stands his temple, erected by Augustus himself.

We were enjoying coffee under a trellis of Banksia roses, a cageful of canaries singing in the buvette near, when Aileen exclaimed:

"Oh! here is the serpent in our Eden again."

My old gentleman (not hers) was peering round the trellis.

"Quite a picture, I declare," said he, coming forward briskly and ashamed. "Now, I wonder if you two dear young people would take pity on a lonely old man, and allow me the pleasure of sharing a carriage with you to-morrow, if you are visiting the aqueduct?"

This was too much. Feeling certain that, though amiable, he was a lunatic, I sternly declined. Irrepressible as ever, he tried to argue, till we cut the interview short by wishing him good-bye and walking away. We never saw him any more.

Next day's drive is a picture which hangs "on the line" of memory's picture-gallery. We went by roads and hedges with pink and red roses, past fields of pink vetch, white milk-white acacia blooms hung overhead. This country is said to be like Judea. Little sun-baked towns, "that cannot be hid," crown whitish hills sparsely covered with gray olives and green scrub.

Remoulins town seemed asleep in the heat and glare of noon as we passed through. A beggar woke up and ran after us for half-a-mile. He was lame, and wore a bandage round his forehead.

"Wherever we go, a lame man seems to pursue us," remarked Aileen. Then she forgot the beggar, for never surely were poppies so gorgeously red as those May ones in the grassy wayside or white briar roses so profuse in bloom. Below us, through dazzling white sands, flowed 'the Gard—bluest of rivers, and at every turn the valley deepened and the hills rose.

A sweep of the road to the left, the gorge narrowed and its sides became covered with sweet smelling scrub, juniper, cistus, wild myrtle and box. Leaving our carriage at a trellised inn, we went down under the shadowing trees to the river. There before us rose a triple succession of giant arches like a bridge towering from cliff to cliff overhead. A stupendous work!—and all to connect a stream of pure water.

"See! Those men of old plainly knew the river's tricks," I said. "To-day it looks narrow and gloriously blue, but notice the rocks under the dry arches, freshly flaked with mud. They tell a tale of treachery, and those stones needed to be cyclopean."

Hot though the day was elsewhere, the breeze down the gorge almost blew Aileen off her feet. S she soon retired to a sheltered bank of thyme, while overhead two nightingales were filling the air with song. But I climbed to the cliff top and walked inside the channel of the aqueduct, that was higher than my head and solid all the way.

Curiosity satisfied, I stood on the very verge where the cliff met the gigantic "bridge" to gaze my fill. What a land of sun—of color! Take the most vivid paints in your box of imagination and you shall not copy the intense blue of the Gard, winding below by snowy sand-banks under cliffs stern but for their mantling maquis, as the Corsicans call brushwood. While under the pitiless heat of the midi those scattered villages are so bleached that the tile roofs are drab as——

The rattle of a falling pebble caught my ear; a panting breath sounded close. I turned and looked the lame beggar of Remoulins full in the face. He was stealing upon me—the forward stretching of his bent head, his outspread twitching hands betrayed that, even had not the wretch's features worn such an evil expression.

Never till my dying day shall I forget that look! There was froth on the swelled lips trembling with rage. Death was in the black eyes that glared in mine—and where, when had I seen those eyes before? No time to think, for with the spring of a a wild beast he flung himself upon me. Two steps nearer and the shock must have toppled me over.

"I've got you now! Say your prayers, for in two minutes you're a lost soul!" gasped the Nimois peasant in English, as knee to knee, chest to chest, we swayed and grappled.

"Man, or devil who are you?"

"Desmond Ryan!"

I left him no breath for more. He was a strong man, and inch by inch was forcing me nearer the edge of the aqueduct, while his hot breath reeked in my face.

A red mist came before my eyes, I put out all my might in one effort, raised him, flung him——

Then I found myself alone, trembling, with great drops on my forehead, as I listened. But no sound of aught fallen below came up from the great arches. Creeping nearer, I peered down at the sunny road under the cliff, the flowing river. Under a bush—or was it a tree dwarfed by height?—lay what seemed a blot in the white dust.

I turned giddy, and actually crept on my hands and knees back to a spot of safety. There I lay some minutes face downward in the thyme and breathed hard.

"How hot you look, dear old man," said Aileen, when I soon rejoined her.

"It was warm work up there," said I. "What a land of wind and sun it is."

"Why, Gilbert, your coat is torn, see."

"I caught it in a thorn bush. What do you say? You're glad you did not come up with me. Yes, so am I! Shall we go back to the inn, dear? No, not by the road; here through the trees."

We had some light refreshment under the trellis of the inn, and I remember giving especial deliberation to my order—and then wondering if others who had just slain a man felt so strangely quiet.

Before we left my coachman beckoned me aside with an air of intelligence. A body had just been found crushed to shapelessness under the aqueduct; plainly fallen from the top. It seemed that if a beggar seen coming from the town. But—inconceivable!—he was a stranger! Bah! what call had he to come poaching? If he turned giddy and fell, it was evident that guides were necessary who knew the bridge. Anyhow, Madame might have some emotion if she learnt the regrettable incident.

Quite right; I approved the man's discretion. So we drove back to Nimes.

Next morning came the police to make inquiries, as we were noticed speaking to an old gentleman two days ago. He had mysteriously disappeared; the valise left at his hotel only contained some clothes, a wig and false beard. Plainly a spy!

Not until after a long and tiresome examination was I able to satisfy the authorities; but for a while day we were not permitted to start for the Pyrenees.

"Old wretch! How he has bothered you, dear," was all Aileen said, with rare self-restraint. "I wonder what has become of him?"

Never has Aileen known—never shall she know from me—the story of what happened on the Roman aqueduct. Some things there are best kept from the best of wives.

Often during our holiday I found myself wondering was it all some trick of the brain. Had I really heard Desmond's voice, or only fancied a resemblance in that of some scoundrel banished for his country's good? Was the name uttered a hallucination of memory?

Sometimes Aileen wondered at my silence, her spirits rose like a mounting lark.

"It is strange, dear, but I never feel haunted now by the fancy that he is near," so she confided to me.

"Come, that's all right," I answered heartily.

* * * * * *

Once home again, I visited the cemetery at Ballygobbin, where an inscription on his father's tombstone had been added in memory of, Desmond Ryan, "drowned."

A thought had struck me.

Examining the grave carefully, the verification of my suspicions seemed before my eyes. The grass was long. There lay a weather-beaten wreath.

"Three months old, or more; yes, this wreath was of daffodils, judging by the stalks . . . and Mrs. Ryan has not been here since."

The bereaved mother's grief and weekly visits to bring flowers to this tablet were matters of common report for several months after Desmond's (supposed) death. A flash of inspiration therefore suggested my inspection.

A day or later I met Ryan's younger brother, an honest, simple fellow.

"How is your mother now? She has given up fretting about your brother some little time ago, I believe?" And I looked him full in the eyes. The stare given me in return was guileless.

"Well, yes; and to tell you the truth, Captain Lennox, I'm not sorry, for the money that has gone in masses for his peace was beyond belief. And still, though my mother took a sudden change last March, and got happier, poor soul, the money goes. I sold some beasts lately, hoping to have a little in hand to lay out on the farm—she would have it! Not that it's spent in the parish; it all goes to Dublin—or Rome, maybe . . . Ah, well, the more trouble poor Desmond gave her, the more she cared for him: and then he was not always responsible."

"Not responsible? You doesn't mean that his head—eh?"

"Just so," in a whisper. "He went in fear of being locked up again. He was so once for six months. That made him cunning."

Some months later, as I chanced to be riding past the cemetery of Ballygobbin, who should be sitting on the low wall but Mrs. Ryan. Her eyes were staring down the road with a watching intensity of expressed that made me sorry for the hard-featured old woman. Hearing the horse's hoofs she turned, and such malignity distorted her face on recognizing me that it was plain how Desmond Ryan came to inherit his evil passions. Perhaps she, too, was not responsible for hers.

Till that look, I had hesitated whether or not to tell her the true end of her son. But she would denounce me as his murderer. What proofs had I of his identity—my own innocence? Silence was best.

But I knew she was watching for Desmond, and that so she would watch and wait till her own end came.

Well, well, hope kept her company.

An Old Man's Letter.

BY T. S.

"OH, I had rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave!"

The well-known saying fell from the pair of lips John Yorke thought the prettiest in the world, and the color in his face, which had been so eloquent and eager while he talked to bright-eyed Esta Arnold, died out.

He leaned back, with an ashy cast upon his countenance, while Esta, not noticing, chatted on:

"One don't want to be in a hurry about marrying; and if people are poor, they are better off single, I think!"

The little beauty uttered the age remarks with an amusing vivacity and confidence.

But John Yorke was not amused. He sat looking at the floor, secretly half dazed.

"I'm not a bit romantic, but mother says I am! When I do marry, I mean to marry rich."

It struck her companion, through his deeper trouble, that he had never before heard Esta run on this; but she was a little nervous—he could see that.

He had come very near to asking her to be his wife. Thither his impulses were all tending when Esta repeated the old saying:

"I had rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave!"

The words struck him like a blow. He had disbelieved the rumor that wealthy, Mrs. Richard Golding was paying attention to Esta Arnold; but here it seemed verified by the girl's own lips.

He rose stiffly, after a moment, interrupting her:

"You must choose for yourself, Miss Esta, of course."

He did not see the dark blue eyes glance at him, wistful and troubled, for a second. He began to look for his hat, and she gave it to him with the color running out of her pretty cheeks.

"Come and see me again when you have time," she faltered.

"Thanks! But you are going to be very busy this month," he returned.

"My school closes in a fortnight, you know," said Esta.

He did not hear. He said good evening twice, and got out of the little sitting-room that had always looked pleasant to him, because Esta was in it.

Nothing looked pleasant now; it was all a hateful, hard world. If there was anything bright and beautiful in it, it was not to be his.

He had thought Esta Arnold so true, so sweet, so fearless of everything but wrong, that he had loved her from the moment he first met her frank eyes.

But, after all, she was like any vain unworthy girl. She was to marry a sickly old man of seventy for his money!

He ground his teeth with bitterness and the pain of his heart.

If he had not loved her! But it was too late to wish that now. He would try and forget that beautiful face and some time, perhaps, a plainer woman could be better trusted.

He was not silly, he said. He did not mean to break his heart for a worldly girl like Esta Arnold.

Yet, just the same, life looked very dark to the young fellow, who had health and honor and fine looks, but yet was poor.

From early boyhood he had supported a widowed sister and her children, on the sterile farm his father had left him. She had married again now, and taken her brood to a new home, and he had hoped since to furbish up the old house to make a comfortable and somewhat tasteful home for the wife he hoped to have.

It could not be costly or elegant, but it might be a haven of rest and peace to a homeless girl who earned her bread at school-teaching, and had a delicate mother to support.

To-night he opened and closed its lonely doors heavily. He did not need daylight to mark the contrast between its old fashioned rooms and the elegant ones of the Oakham mansion across the way.

It was Mr. Richard Golding's country-seat. The rich man came there every summer, with his old housekeeper and a few relatives and guests. And this last summer he had sent Esta roses from his gardens, and she had been seen in his luxurious carriage.

Oh, John Yorke understood too well now! Esta had opportunity to become "an old man's darling."

He made a brave struggle. There was much to do, for it was planting time, and, with his secret hopes, he had laid large plans, and the fallow fields were already ploughed and waiting for the seed.

He applied himself doggedly to labor, but anyone with half an eye could see that something was wrong, with the young fellow, and Mrs. Nabby, his ancient retainer, had two very good eyes.

"Lud! I'm tired living with a dumb man," she muttered, to herself. "Why, he don't even know when to have pancakes and hot grog for supper!"

Evidently, to her mind, John was very far gone in mental disturbance.

"He doesn't speak more'n twice in twenty-four hours; and he don't know what he eats!"

Several weeks of this unsatisfactory existence followed. John hopelessly wished never to see Esta Arnold again. He heard of the closing of her school, and of her departure to the neighboring village of Fanedale in silence.

His heart ached, but he believed he made no sign. Nevertheless, the next morning Mrs. Nabby, after a mute scrutiny of his heavy eyes and unrefreshed countenance, blurted out,—

"My Israel asked me four times!"

John looked up from his breakfast uncomprehending. Suddenly light broke on his mind. With a half-sorrowful laugh he rose from the table, and in a moment was gone.

But the old woman's meaning clung to him. He curled his lip at the thought of importuning a woman; but the idea clung and grew.

Had he been too hasty, too easily discouraged? Probably any girl was shy in such a serious matter. And as he reflected a glow came into his countenance and his step lightened.

If he might still hope, he was the happiest fellow in existence! And though he yet hung back, the end of a week found him on his way to Fanedale.

The cottage where Esta had lived with her mother was empty, and "To Let" was on the door.

For a moment he was stunned, then he turned to the little post-office as the most promising place for inquiry.

"Miss Esta Arnold—yes, she's gone. Gone to London—she an' her mother. Took a school there. Her address—oh, yes; here it is, street, number an' all. Friend of hers, an' goin' right there? Well, then perhaps you'll hand her this letter. 'Came this mornin'. I was goin' to report it. Nice girl; hope she'll like it. Oh, you won't have any trouble finding her."

He didn't. But what troubled his soul to the depths was that the letter bore the Golding crest upon its seal. Mr. Richard Golding possessed an ancient coat-of-arms.

He was not in the least a pretentious or showy man, but he had a liking for this token of an old baronetcy in his family, and John was familiar with it, for it was on the panels of his carriage as well as on his envelopes.

John examined it now with the greatest distaste.

He could have thrown it out of the carriage window with a good relish. He resisted the temptation, however, and put it back in his pocket.

Suddenly he saw in a seat before him the spare figure and silky-white hair of Mr. Richard Golding.

John's lip curled. He was not long behind his letter, that unpleasant old man, was he?

Of course, he was going to see Esta. Well, he could have the first chance; he would be in no hurry to seek her. One could spend a week in the City very pleasantly and profitably without courting an unwilling girl.

Yet the next day found him in the pleasant parlor in the house where Esta lodged.

He must have been blind not to see the pleasure in the girl's face at sight of him.

What a radiant, brilliant face it was, and so familiar and sweet after his lonely, tedious exile from it that he flung fear to the winds, and snatching the girl to his breast, demanded that she should love him.

In short, in five minutes from his arrival, John Yorke had proposed and been accepted.

"Oh, Esta," he said, "you have no idea how happy you have made me!"

"Have I? Well, why didn't you ask me before?" she retorted, mischievously.

Then John remembered the letter, which he had honestly quite forgotten.

For a moment he struggled hard with himself. Better girls than Esta had been won by wealth and position, even after they had given their hearts.

But he drew the letter from his pocket and laid it on Esta's lap.

At that moment the door-bell rang, and Mr. Richard Golding was shown into the room.

Esta received him with the most graceful cordiality, and, to John Yorke's surprise, Mr. Golding seemed very much pleased to see her.

"Well, what is the news, my dear Miss Esta?" said Mr. Golding.

Esta had always a little spice of audacity in her bearing.

"The latest news, sir, is that I am engaged to be married. Allow me to present to you my future husband."

The old gentleman shook hands beamingly all round.

"The best—the very best news!" he exclaimed. "Indeed, it is just what I have been waiting for. Of course you have my letter, Miss Esta?"

When the young lady explained that she had not read it, Mr. Golding made them both sit down, and drew his chair close in front of them.

Then he explained.

He was about to make his will. He had no children, no very near relatives. What persons were connected with him by family ties were very well off and settled in life.

For a great while he had been undecided what disposal to make of Oakham. He had been very peaceful and happy there. It was a commodious and homelike place. He did not like to leave it to be sold to unknown persons.

There was a beautiful garden there, and little treasures which make a home charming. He had had a fancy that he would like to deed it to some worthy young people, who needed a home and would appreciate and enjoy it.

He had long admired Esta for her courage and independence, and her care of her mother; and he had the greatest respect for his young neighbor, Mr. John Yorke.

Would these excellent young people accept Oakham as a wedding gift. He need, if they would be so kind, have no necessity of placing it in his will.

If they would read the letter Esta still held unopened in her hand, they would find this was the sum and substance of it, as he had long observed which way their hearts were tending.

There is no use in my trying to tell what a very happy trio these people made—for Mr. Golding seemed to think it more blessed to give than to receive.

I can only say, that, when the wedding came off, in a month, Mr. Golding promised Esta to spend the summers with them as long as he lived—which was for many precious years—and his letter is a family relic, and subject of the children's favorite story—"the best story of a fairy god father," they say, "because it is true!"

Belle's Escape.

BY A. T. R.

AN elopement! Oh, surely, surely, Belle, you never can be in earnest!"

Belle Brandon sat on a fallen log, whose mossy cylinder was half hidden in tall, plumy ferns, and where the trembling July sun-beams rained down through soft summer foliage like a cascade of gold. An artist would have painted her as a wood nymph, with her hair of braided sunshine, her deep, limpid eyes, and the peach-like bloom upon her perfect cheeks.

And yet this dew-eyed beauty was neither more nor less than a sewing girl, who worked a machine in a big shop at half-a-crown a day; a girl who had grown up on a diet of yellow-covered novels, and dreamed of knights and ladies, and perilous adventures.

"Yes," said Belle, lifting her deep blue eye, "an elopement. Isn't it romantic? And isn't he handsome?"

Annie Martin looked sadly down into the eyes that were so like blue flowers.

"Belle," said she, "I beseech of you to think twice about this business. Have you forgotten John Burt?"

"John Burt! Only a cutter in the shop!"

"An honest, honorable man!" said Annie, impressively.

"Why don't you take him yourself, since he is such a paragon?" retorted Belle, saucily.

"Because he loves no one but you."

"Then he may leave off loving me at his leisure," said the girl, carelessly. "I don't care a fig for him, and never shall. I am going to marry Mr. Graham; and I never would have told you of the elopement if I had supposed you were going to be so ill-natured about it. My father is as unjustly prejudiced against him as you are, and so I am driven to it."

And Belle tried to veil her exultation beneath a tone of injury as she rose up and began to make her way through the tall ferns.

Annie looked wistfully after her.

"A spoiled, harmless little beauty!" she said to herself. "But Mr. Burt was kind to me when I came here, friendless and alone; and he loves her. For his sake I will not stand quietly by and see her rush on to ruin!"

"You see," Belle Brandon had told her confidentially, "I am to go to the shop on Wednesday just as usual, so that my father will not suspect anything, and then I am to feign a headache, just in time for the train, and leave work, and go on to London, Brighton, or Hastings. He comes there the next day, and we're married."

But Annie shook her head dubiously.

"I don't like Mr. Graham's looks," said she.

"He's just exactly like the portraits of 'Lord Byron,'" retorted Belle, triumphantly.

"He is only a traveling salesman."

"But he's to be a partner in the firm in the autumn. He told me so himself, and he showed me the photograph of his employer's daughter, who is madly in love with him."

"Why don't he marry her, then?"

And now Belle dimpled into radiant consciousness.

"I suppose because he likes me best," said she.

"Oh, Belle! And you believe all this farrago?" sighed Annie, desperately.

"You're only jealous because you have not such a lover yourself!" retorted Belle, frowning under her curls like a lovely, wilful child.

And then Annie Martin abandoned the task of remonstrance; but, for all that, the thought of John Burt's heartbreak lay sore and heavy at his inmost soul.

"She may go to ruin her own way," thought Annie; "but she shall not drag him down with her. Graham—I know I have the name in my head somehow—it carries a disagreeable remembrance with it. I remember now! It was a Mr. Graham that boarded so long with Aunt Jane, and then went away without settling his score! Graham! that was the name! I'll go and see Aunt Jane this very night. I easily get there by the nine o'clock train, and back again in time for work to-morrow morning. And if there is anything to be found out, I'll find it! John Burt was good to me once, and I shall never forget it!"

* * * * * *

"Can I speak to you to-night, Belle?"

Belle Brandon was hurrying away from the great work-room, where the buzz of machines was gradually decreasing, and the girls were beginning to look for their hats and cloaks, when John Burt advanced towards her.

"No!" she retorted, petulantly. "I'm in a hurry."

"Then I will walk along towards home with you."

"I'd rather go alone!"

He cast one sad, reproachful glance towards her, and stepped back.

"Belle——" began he.

"Miss Brandon, if you please!" said the girl, half defiant, half frightful. "And I'll trouble you to keep your distance!"

And away she flew, like an arrow out of a bow.

She was just in time for the train, and, leaning back in the seat, reflected joyfully that she was already beginning the elopement.

Pretty blossom like little fool! How little had she calculated the end of her rash experiment. And yet to her it seemed that she was beginning to live romance.

It was towards ten o'clock at night when she reached London and found the lodging to which she had been directed.

"Oh!" said the plump, motherly landlady, "it's the young lady from Reading, as a room was engaged for by Mr. Graham. Yes, it's all right, miss. Please to walk up. The lady's there, waiting for you."

"The lady!"

"Mrs. Graham, you know," said the landlady. "And a fine, handsome person she is, only a trifle stout, as we all is when we gets towards forty odd."

Belle stood as still and white as if she was turned to stone.

"His mother, I suppose," she told herself, regaining courage. "How kind of him to send her here to welcome me!"

At the same moment the landlady flung open the door of a small cosy room, with a bright lamp burning on the table.

"It's the young lady, mem," said she, dipping a courtesy.

And a fat woman, showily dressed in very common materials, waddled forward.

"Oh!" said she, "good evening, my dear. So you're the young lady that's goin' to marry my husband?"

"Your husband!" echoed Belle.

"Don't be alarmed," said the fat woman, busying herself with the strings of the girl's hat. "We was divorced eight years ago. There was reason enough for a dozen divorces, He's had another wife since. But don't worry. He's got rid of her, too. She's dead. And now he's made up to you! Well, I think you'll have enough of him, a great, lazy drinkin' vagabond, as was brought up in the workhouse, and served two years in jail forgin' a cheque for twenty pounds."

Belle stood pale and shocked.

"It is false!" gasped she. "You are inventing these lies to estrange me from him."

"Bless your heart, my dear, no I aint," said the fat woman, with a comfortable, chuckling laugh. "What should I gain by estrangin' you from him? I don't care. I've my marriage lines to show, and my papers of divorce, and he's welcome to marry as many new wives as he commands, for all I care."

Belle turned to the landlady.

"How early does the first train for Reading start in the morning?" said she.

"At six o'clock," said the landlady. "It's a workman's train."

"I'll go by it," said Belle.

"And how about the gentleman as engaged the rooms?" asked the landlady.

"I'll never speak to him again!" said Belle, with spirit.

She was up and dressed the next morning as usual and was in her place in the shop when the bell rang for work.

"Please, Mr. Burt," said she, "won't you forgive me for being so cross with you last night? I am very sorry. And if you can walk home with me to-night——"

There was enough for Mr. Burt. They were engaged before the moon was an hour high that night!

For Belle's fancy could not endure the idea of being third wife to a man who had once graced a prison, and Mr. Graham never beheld his pretty fiancee again.

And Annie Martin kept the secret of her elopement well.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There is a curious instance on Lord Armstrong's estate, in Northumberland, Eng., of his lordship's applied science, in the shape of a workman's clock, which was designed and made under his direction. Besides striking the hours the clock rings a bell at the various times when the workmen go to and from their work. On Saturday the bell varies its warnings in recognition of the half holiday, and Sunday it observes as a day of rest.

A story is going the rounds of the foreign press which ought to interest collectors of autographs. It relates to the late Hans von Bulow, and tells how, on an occasion, being requested for his signature by an American visitor, the musician rang the bell, and fiercely bade the servant "send up the man who writes my autographs." This is almost as good as Mark Twain's plan of having his autograph pounded out of a machine by a typewriter.

A burglar who has lately been detected had a highly ingenious method of procedure. He always approached the scene of his operations in an overcoat and pair of loose trousers, which he was in the habit of leaving, when changed, in the back premises. His work finished, he would don them again and appear on the scene of great excitement, being an interested spectator. Being well known in the town, suspicion never rested upon him until on the occasion of his arrest, when he was caught red-handed.

The most northerly of newspapers is said to be the "Nord Kap," published weekly in Hammerfest, Norway, by Peter Johannesen, who lives and works in a little turf-roofed house. The "Nord Kap" is regularly printed from news received by a ship which touches at Hammerfest but once in eight days. Sometimes the latest news arrives on the day of publication for the former batch, and then "the latest" does not get into the "Nord Kap" till it has been known fourteen days or more to the great world to the southward.

Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually. For the first 250 miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile; in the next 20 miles the fall is over 9000 feet, and so precipitous is the descent that in many places depths of 1200 to 1600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100-fathom line. With the depth of 1800 to 2000 fathoms the sea bed becomes a slightly undulating plain 1200 miles wide. The greatest depth in the Atlantic is 300 miles or so northward of the Island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3875 fathoms were obtained, or nearly four miles in depth.

Counterfeits and forgeries abound in every department of archæology. Spurious manuscripts, gems, pottery, glass, enamels, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been foisted on collectors at different times and in various countries. Within the present year numerous "autograph" letters of Burns and Scott formed the subject of a criminal prosecution at Edinburgh. The fabrication of lapidary inscriptions began some four centuries ago, and fictitious inscriptions are still occasionally scratched on genuine Roman sepulchral urns. The forgery of gems is carried on as a profitable trade, more especially in Italy. Most of the Christian engraved gems, said to have been found in the catacombs at Rome, belong to this class.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 486. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

TO WEDDING-CAKE ISLAND.

BY H. R.

"GERRY, what do you think?" cried Eva, dancing into the school-room where her sister was putting out their books for morning lessons. "Miss Humphreys has had a letter saying her sister is very ill, and auntie advises her to go and see her, and we are to have a whole holiday. Ain't you glad?"

"I think Miss Humphreys would say a good deal if she heard that sentence; and it doesn't seem very kind to be glad that her sister is ill," remarked Geraldine.

"Don't be a prig, Gerry. You know what I mean well enough."

"Well, I suppose I do," returned Geraldine, beginning to replace the books on the shelves; "but I am sorry Miss Humphreys' sister is ill."

"Oh, of course; but now do sit down, and let's settle things"; and the impetuous Eva threw her arms round her sister, and dragged her down on to the roomy cushioned seat which extended round the bay-window of their school-room.

Sitting twined together in their own peculiar manner on the window seat, the little girls made their plans for the day. It was, as Eva remarked, a delicious day, and their arrangement was to spend it in the fir-wood by the side of a sheet of water called the Mere, taking with them a basket of provisions for luncheon..

"Suppose we take our new dolls, and get Susie Hope at the Lodge to come with us, and help dress them?" said Geraldine.

"Oh yes! that will be just the thing," replied Eva, in raptures; and she flew off to get together the dolls and necessary materials, while Geraldine went to ask Benson, their own maid, to pack the luncheon basket.

"You will be sure not to get into any mischief, young ladies," remarked Benson, as she helped them to get ready. "Miss Geraldine, I do think I can trust you; but I wish your aunt had known of this plan before she went out."

"Well, you see, we did mean to tell her, but she had started in the carriage with Miss Humphreys, and she won't be back till luncheon time," returned Eva.

"I hope I've not done wrong," said Benson to herself, as she watched the children down the avenue. "Miss Geraldine is steady enough, and it does seem a pity to stop their pleasure."

Mrs. Hope looked a little troubled when they entered the Lodge with their request.

"There are your new frocks to finish, Miss Geraldine," she cried; "and I don't see how I can do that without Susie; but she's a good girl, and I don't like to deprive her of such a treat."

"Oh, never mind the frocks! Why, here's Kitty; she must come too," cried Eva, as she pounced upon a small shy child of eight years, and pulled her out of her corner. Kitty colored with delight, and looked wistfully at her mother.

Mrs. Hope smiled indulgently.

"Well, a day out of doors will do you good," she said; and seizing Kitty's hand, Eva did not wait to hear more, but hurried across the road, and disappeared in the foot-path that led through the plantation to the Mere, leaving Geraldine and Susie to follow more leisurely.

A walk of about half an hour brought them to a shady knoll by the water-side, where some seats had been placed: there was a boat-house close by, in which was kept a wide flat-bottomed boat, often used by members of the family.

For a time all went well; the dolls' clothes were cleverly contrived by Susie, who had already learnt to cut out and work neatly; and by luncheon time the dolls presented a highly creditable appearance.

Benson had put up sufficient luncheon to satisfy the appetites of all, and when it was finished, and Geraldine had, with her usual precision, replaced the plates and forks in the basket, the children threw themselves on the grass, and remained quiet for a few minutes.

"I wonder why the boat isn't locked up as usual?" observed Geraldine at last. "Look, Eva; it's tied to a stake with a bit of rope."

"So it is," said Eva. "I say, Gerry, let's go to Wedding-Cake Island, and finish our work there."

A tiny circular islet, on which grew a group of silver birches, lay in the middle of the Mere. This had been christened Wedding-Cake Island by the children themselves, because the first time they had seen it it was discovered with snow and hoar-frost, and exactly resembled one.

"It would be very nice to go," said Gerry thoughtfully. "I was just thinking about it."

"But may we?" put in Susie. "I think, but I am not quite sure, Miss Geraldine, that I heard father say the boat was to be mentioned, and perhaps that's why it isn't in the house."

"I'll go and see," exclaimed Eva, springing up; and the others followed more slowly.

"It's all right, and the oars are in it," announced Eva. "Let's jump in."

But Geraldine stood still upon the bank.

"Have you been told not to go in the boat, Miss Geraldine?" asked Susie.

"No; but it's always been locked up."

"If we haven't been told not, it can't be wrong; so come along," cried the impatient Eva, jumping into the boat, basket in hand, and dragging Kitty in beside her. Susie still hesitated, looking at Geraldine.

"Well," said the latter slowly, "I heard uncle say the other day that cases sometimes arise in which people must decide for themselves; and as we have no one to ask, I think this must be one of them." She stepped into the boat as she spoke, Susie following with the remaining basket.

The three girls were well accustomed to the management of the boat, and had it been as water-tight as it looked, there would have been no danger, but there was a good sized hole under a loose board at the bottom, merely plugged with a handful of twisted grass, and half-way across, the girls saw, to their dismay, that the boat was filling fast.

"There is a hole!" cried Susie. "What shall we do?"

"Bale it out with our tumblers," replied Eva; and they promptly set to work; but the water came in faster than they dipped it out.

"It's no use," said Geraldine. "We must get to land, or we shall drown. The Island is nearest to us now."

She and Eva seized the oars, and pulled with all their strength.

"Faster, faster!" cried Susie; and making a great effort, they reached the Island, and scrambled ashore just as the boat filled and sank.

Kitty burst into hysterical sobs, and the elder girls looked at each other in consternation, the mud and water streaming from their clothes.

"What's to be done now? and how are we to get home?" sighed Eva.

"And what will they say to us when we do get there?" added Geraldine.

"At any rate, we shan't have to stay here long," interrupted Eva. "I see someone coming through the trees."

"It's father," replied Susie: "father and Ben. They are coming to mend the boat, for Ben has the tool-basket." The girls set up a shout, which attracted the attention of the boy.

"It's the young ladies, and our girls," said Ben; "and they've gone and drowned the boat. My! won't they catch it?"

"Thank Heaven, they're not drowned with it," answered Hope. "I must go and borrow a boat, and fetch them off."

He hurried away, but soon reappeared, in a boat belonging to a near neighbor.

"Well, young ladies, a nice pickle you be in! I'm ashamed o' you, Sue and Kitty, that I be; and may I ask what you ha' done with our boat?" he asked in a sarcastic manner.

"The boat sank, Hope," replied Geraldine, with dignity; "and it's no use for you to scold, uncle will do that."

"Not a doubt o' that," returned Hope. "Well, get in, please. The sooner you all get them wet clothes off, the better."

"We shall never see our poor dolls again. They've got the worst of this," groaned Eva, as they landed on the opposite bank; and it was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when, wet, weary, and dejected, the girls came out on the high road they had crossed so merrily in the morning.

"What are we to do about telling?" said Geraldine. "I ought to be the one, for I might have prevented it. I knew we ought not to go."

"Why should we tell at all?" asked Eva, "Hope is sure to do it for us."

"I'll tell, Miss Geraldine," said Susie, holding her head very high. "I've always owned my faults; and I knew too it was wrong to go."

"No, no; I must do it," said Geraldine; and as she spoke, her uncle himself appeared in the path before them.

Geraldine stopped and turned pale, and then, gathering up her courage, marched up to him, and went through her story in the precise straightforward manner habitual to her.

"We're all sorry, uncle," added Eva as her sister finished.

"Humph! a nice story, upon my word. I should think you are sorry," said Mr. Harvey. "For the present, you will all four go home, and go straight to bed at once. I must go and talk to Hope, and you'll hear more of this to-morrow."

The children did as they had been told, and in the evening Mrs. Harvey came to her nieces' room.

"Is uncle very angry?" asked Eva.

"He was; but it seems that when the boat is raised it will not be much the worse. He would have been much more angry had not Geraldine told him the exact truth. As it is, he is so thankful to have you all safe, that he has promised me to say no more about it."

"But we've lost our dolls," said Eva dolefully. "Well, it serves us right; we won't decide for ourselves in such a case again. Eh, Gerry?"

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, and they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter, they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble work are peculiar to men. The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal, and sometimes unworthy, especially in the mother. Where is a house full of children, a man shall see some respected, and some that are almost forgotten, who may nevertheless prove the best. The illiberality of parents to their children makes them base, and frequently induces them to associate with mean company. Let parents choose betimes the courses they mean their children should take, for then they are the most flexible. If the aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is well not to cross it.

EFFECT OF SMOKING ON BOYS.—One of the medical journals records the observations of a physician, who has been investigating with great minuteness and accuracy the effects of tobacco smoking on boys. He took for this purpose thirty-eight boys from nine to fifteen years, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of the number he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve of the cases there occurred frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect, until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

BOYS AND BOOKS.—"You have done a great thing when you have brought a boy to have entertainment from a book," observes Dr. Johnson; and whoever has had the training of young folk, especially of youths who did not naturally take kindly to reading, is likely to agree with him most fully. Certainly the most essential and often the most difficult part of a boy's education is just this point of teaching to care for reading. Once this is done, the hardest of the battle is over. It is a careless or a dull parent who cannot do much for a boy's mind if once he has got him to be fond of reading. It is after that a question of guidance; and, if they are not driven, there is little that cannot be done in the way of guidance when one is training boys.

SAVING AND SPENDING.—The young should be not only encouraged to save out of their small allowances or earnings, but they should also be taught how and when to spend. Above all should the truth be impressed upon them that the object and end of money are to purchase opportunity, to promote happiness, to improve and enlarge life. Of itself it is nothing, and may be made far worse than nothing; but where the underlying purposes are those of independence, justice, and generosity—where the highest welfare of self, of family, and of society is the desire uppermost in the heart—there both saving and spending acquire new dignity and will repay careful culture.

MRS. HONEYBEE (to caller): "It is quite two years now since your husband's death, is it not, Mrs. Hendricks?" Mrs. Hendricks: "Two years! Why, so it is. Poor John. How time flies!"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The English cottagers believe that Robin Hood died on May Day

A number of women of Clay City, Ind., have formed a brass band.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture 18,000,000,000 pins per year.

A magnificent cypress tree at Tula, Mexico, measures over 182 feet in height

A detective superintendent of the London police bears the appropriate name of Ferrett.

Menthol, which is used for so many complaints, is a concentrated essence of peppermint.

The State of New Hampshire pays $1 a bushel to farmers for all grasshoppers that they destroy.

In 1892 American railroads killed 116 passengers, while in England only 21 met death in similar ways.

There were 8,920,107 pounds of butter and 3,479,322 pounds of oleomargarine exported from this country last year.

A Norwegian woman living near Yankton, South Dakota, is 30 years old, and is said to be the mother of 24 children

Pennsylvania is said to have more woodland than any of the Atlantic or Middle States, except Maine and Virginia

The United States mail wagons have absolute right of way over all other vehicles in every town and city of the country.

A cow on the farm of High King, at Pink Beds, North Carolina, has given birth, it is claimed, to five calves within the past 13 months.

Delmar Zeitler, a 13-year-old lad of Chicago, is a recognized electrical expert, and has already invented 26 successful electrical apparatuses.

In place of the hot food and cold drinks in which we indulge at our dinners and luncheons, the Japanese favor cold food and hot drinks.

An official in St. Johns, N. F., on trial for corrupt practices, is shown to have expended about nine dollars per vote to secure his election.

The amount of wire in the underground conduits of New York city is estimated at 36,000 miles, of which 23,000 miles are telephone and telegraph wires.

The World's Fair cheese contributed by Canada was recently cut and eaten in Kensington, London. It weighed 10 tons, and is said to have been very palatable

After a storm at Gainesville, Texas, the ground was covered with ocean snails. By the next day, however, these creatures had found their way back to their native element.

Five war ships were sold out of the service by the British Admiralty recently, being unfit for further employment. Four were wooden vessels and the other an iron troop ship

A tablet to the memory of Jenny Lind was unveiled in West minster Abbey recently by the Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein, the second daughter of Queen Victoria

Ernestine Dittmar has brought suit against Ludwig Carbaltbrecht for $282 in the Milwaukee courts, claiming that he has lived with her for 34 years without paying a cent of lodging

A woman of Hamden, Ohio, answered an advertisement recently which promised to give a satisfactory recipe for making cotton. The reply was: "Practice till you get it exactly right, then keep on making it in that way.

Mrs. Carroll Mactavish, daughter of General Scott and granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Miss Mactavish have returned to Rome from a trip in Palestine. Mgr. O'Connell, the rector of the American College, accompanied them to the East.

A Bad Axe, Mich., man decided to give his son a lesson in the effects of the tobacco habit by offering the youngster a cigar, taking another himself, and smoking. Both lighted their weeds, but the father, who had not smoked for years, was the first to give up.

One of the features at the Antwerp Exhibition will be a number of exhibits illustrating the history and progress of the various forms of artificial illumination. All kinds of lights, from the early Pompeiian and Roman lamps down to the most modern forms of electric lamps, will be represented

Boston is mildly agitated over the discovery in that city of two pictures alleged to have been painted by St. Luke, whom tradition assumes to have been an artist. The subjects are respectively the Saviour and His Mother, and are executed in a resinous wax pigment on a sort of mummy cloth.

M. C. Albertson was recently elected Mayor of Hannibal, Mo., over J. H. Dickason. Both men are warm personal friends, and, when the result of the election was announced, the defeated candidate sent Albertson a letter, accompanied by a cake, in which he stated that "the cake had been baked by my family for the Mayor elect, and now that you have won the race, you will please accept the cake with my compliments."

A PICTURE.

BY W. W. LONG.

A blue sky over a field of heather,
Sunlight kissing the roses' bloom;
Hum of bees amid the blossoms of clover,
Light and shadow and soft perfume.

Blue bells nodding their heads to zephyr,
Violets blooming at our feet:
Birds in the branches o'er us, singing
Songs of gladness pure and sweet.

We two walking here in the quiet,
Lost to the noise of the busy town:
Here where the shadows wester and lengthen,
Now while the sun is going down.

A CURIOUS CALLING.

"What! never heard of a 'busher?' Then we'll interview one."

My friend who made this remark had been employed as an enumerator during during the last English census, and his work had brought him into contact with men and women following remarkably curious occupations in order to procure the means of existence. Of these the trade of a busher is certainly not the best known to the general public.

Bushers, I discovered, was a name given to those men who make a living by raking away the accumulated mud from the walls and grubbing and hunting for unconsidered and other trifles in the sickening effluvium of the London sewers.

For several reasons, bushers invariably work in gangs, each gang being accompanied by an old hand, who knows every inch of the ground, and is capable of conducting them all over underground London. Under his guidance—without which they would lose themselves—they travel long distances, and are enabled to scour not only the main sewers but also many of the smaller branches. A good lookout man is also posted at the entrance. The absolute necessity of this individual may be judged by mentioning the fact that should a shower of rain come on suddenly, the bushers would, unless warned, be washed out to the river.

Until recently, the not very prepossessing entrance to the main sewers could be seen by any one traveling down the river by boat and the general public could enter them if they so wished. These entrances have now been blocked by the authorities.

The bushers are therefore 'barred' by heavy iron gates from entering the main sewers direct, and have consequently to make their way in all through the smaller passages before reaching their hunting grounds.

Before commencing operations each man in a gang provides himself with a bull's-eye lantern, a canvas apron, and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end somewhat in the shape of a hoe. For greater convenience, the lantern is invariably fixed to the right shoulder, so that when walking, the light is thrown ahead; and when stooping, its rays shine directly to their feet.

Thus accoutred they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their naked feet for anything unusual, at the same time raking the accumulation from the wall and picking from the crevices any article they see. Nothing is allowed to escape them, no matter what its value, provided it is not valueless. Old iron, pieces of rope, bones, current coin of the realm, and articles of plate and jewelry—all is good fish which comes to the busher's net.

With finds" in the way of coins of course the "humble penny" predominates. Sixpences and shillings, however, can increase the value of the collection; and at rare intervals—too rare to please the busher—half-sovereigns and even sovereigns are discovered. Like the flies in amber, the mystery is how they got there. Among other articles of intrinsic worth, silver spoons are most often found, although shirt-studs, diamond rings, silver drinking-vessels, and many other quite-out-of-place articles swell the list from time to time. Lucky finds such as those above mentioned do not deter the busher from keeping a sharp lookout for less valuable articles as they float by. His "eagle eye" from long practice is capable of judging the worth of the floating refuse before it would be even discernible to the ordinary observer.

Mile after mile does the sewer-hunter traverse underground, until a tolerably heavy bag is a result of his labor. Night or day is all one to the busher. Some gangs enter the sewers at night and work on until morning, when others carry out the search only during the daytime. Rats abound everywhere, some of them being of enormous size, large enough to frighten any beginner at the game. The experienced busher, however, takes no notice of them; and the rats are only too pleased to sneak away in the darkness.

When a gang has done a fair day or night's work and leave the sewer, the first business is to sort and divide the spoil. The saleable goods, such as bones, rope, rags, etc., are disposed of to the marine-store dealer; and any articles of silver plate or jewelry are pledged. The proceeds are then added to any money found during the work, and the whole is equally divided among the gang. The average earnings, taking the year through, are about seven shillings per day each man, this sum being greatly exceeded if a man happens to join a "lucky" gang. This peculiar line of business has not as yet suffered from over-competition.

TOMMY WAS HOPEFUL.—A lady was reading to her five-year-old son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which the youngster set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother.

When she had finished the story, she said: "Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldn't you work to help mamma?"

"Why, ma," said the little fellow, not relishing the idea of work, "what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my child," said the mother; "but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ma, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" said the young hopeful.

"Certainly my dear," replied the mother; "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the little incorrigible, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?"

Grains of Gold.

Sham pleasures cost the most.

It is better to fail in trying to do good than not to try.

Unselfish love is the only thing that can be truly great.

The worst troubles we have are those that never happen.

No one can be happy in this life who is not useful and helpful.

Better live in a house without windows than in one without books.

Prudence and industry are the best safe guards against bad luck.

Among the blindest of men are those who think they have no faults.

No man is to blame for his first mistake, but he is for his second one.

The man who knows a great deal knows better than to try to tell it.

There isn't gold enough in the world to make a discontented man rich.

It won't do any good to confess your sins unless you are willing to forsake them.

The man who worries is not a bit wiser than the one who burns down his house.

It is a highly gratifying feature in the biographies of most great men that they had intelligent, high-minded, discreet, and virtuous mothers.

There is a certain freemasonry among great minds, by which they recognize each other in the clearly-ringing interchange of a few sentences.

If thou art rich, try to command thy money, lest it should command thee. If thou know how to use it, it is thy servant; if not, thou art its slave.

Femininities.

Fencing is becoming a fad among New York girls.

Most of the telegraph operators in Sweden are women.

No matter how thin an heiress may be, she always has an attractive figure.

A maiden desirous of a swaying figure can easily attain the same by brisk exercise with a swinging gait.

"Ah, Mr. Grumpsey, I hope I see you well!" Grumpsey: "If you don't, you had better consult an oculist."

Clara: "How did it happen that Miss Debutante was so easily taken in by him?" May: "She had just come out."

The wedding ring is worn on the left hand because, in symbolism, the right hand is authority, the left obedience.

The eight flowers most prized by the Japanese are said to be the morning glory, apricot, cherry, wistaria, peony, iris, lotus and chrysanthemum.

The town of New Hope, Penna., with a population of about 1200, appears to be having an epidemic of twins, no less than 15 pair being born there lately.

Bright child: "I know what they call them, mamma, when there's three twins." Mamma: "What, Katy?" Bright child: "Giblets!"

The first woman to be elected a member of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain was Miss Mabel Cox, of Southampton, who owns the cutter Flora.

"Is your daughter improving in her painting?" "Well, I should say so. Her last picture was so good that only three of the family failed to guess what it was."

"Few people," said the wife, as she proceeded to investigate her husband's pockets after he had gone to sleep—"few people are aware of what a wife has to go through."

Mrs. Brown, nudging Mr. Brown, who snores with his mouth open: "William! you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut!" Mr. Brown, only half awake: "So'd you."

Five-year-old Edwin T. McGinnis died in Hoboken, New Jersey, on Sunday, beside his mother's coffin. When the child saw the body put in a coffin he screamed and fell in convulsions, death resulting.

The Parisian beauty, Leonide Leblanc, whose death has evoked many recollections of her splendor in the days of her popularity, was the daughter of a laborer. Her mother begged in the streets.

Wife: "I've quit asking people if my bonnet is on straight." Husband: "Why, my dear?" Wife: "I love you too much, John, to disgrace you by calling anybody's attention to an old bonnet like this."

"Mrs. Flybi's reception was a terribly stupid affair." Mrs. Fangs: "It was charming." "I'd like to have you mention, if you can one pleasant feature." "Why, the hostess' dress fitted her wretchedly."

"Bobby, your mamma tells me you are a very bright boy, and she expects you to be a great man," said Mr. Blossom, as he sat in the parlor, waiting for Bobby's sister. "Ma never does 'spect nothin' right. She don't know what she's talkin' about. She told pa she 'spected you and my sister would be married 'fore spring, and that was more'n a year ago."

Our modern women, after all, are not as original or "advanced" as they think and proclaim. Why, back 134 years ago, in the year 1770, there was a law which provided that "any person who shall, by means of rouge, or of blanc, of perfumes, of essences, of artificial teeth, of false hair, of cotton espagnol, of steel stays or hoops, of high-heeled shoes, or of false hips, entice any of His Majesty's male subjects into marriage shall be prosecuted for sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared void."

A famous actress was once playing Miami in "The Green Bushes," and toward the end of the play was supposed to commit suicide by jumping into the river. When however she reached the usual eminence of rock, she found to her dismay that no mattress had been placed in the "river" for her to jump on; so down she came on to the bare boards with a hard thud. Her confusion was intense, but it was increased tenfold when a voice from the gallery sang out in a rich brogue, "Och, be jabers, the water's frozen!"

Mrs. Oliver Thorne, a prominent member of New York Sorosis, in a recent address before that body said: "There can be no question about birds having a language of their own. The language of some savage races of men is very like in sound to the language of birds. We have no right to expect the virtues of Christianity in the world of lower animals, but we often find there the greatest of all virtues by which we regulate our lives—charity. There are birds that minister for weeks and months to their companions in distress, and who go to the assistance of those who are hurt. If our bloodthirsty race would control its desire to kill we should no doubt arrive at a stage of happiest familiarity with these beautiful creatures."

Masculinities.

People who love much can do much.

The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher?—Because he is a sound instructor.

A Kensington gossip is known by her neighbors as "the phonograph," because she repeats everything she hears.

Figures show that there were about 200 lynchings in this country last year, of which number 150 were negroes.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

The philosopher who said that all things come to him who waits, might have added that the man who goes after them gets them much quicker.

London has tried the experiment of opening an art gallery on Sunday with such success that other galleries are likely to be opened to the public on Sundays.

It isn't always the unexpected that happens. Mrs. Hannah Brown, who, at the age of 22, became a bride last November, is suing her 92 year-old husband, a wealthy farmer at Valparaiso, Ind., for divorce.

"What are you going to make your boy?" "A lecturer." "Has he a taste for it?" "Oh, yes; he inherits it from his mother."

Justice Lease, of Hastain, Mo., has just received a letter from a son whom he has believed to be dead for 25 years. The boy is living in Scotland county, Mo., is married and has children. He quarreled with his father.

Census figures show that the amount of the real estate encumbrance in the eleven counties in and immediately around New York city exceeds the total mortgage indebtedness on all the farms in the United States.

Ethel: "Have you noticed how much merrier Blanche has grown lately? She used to be so very quiet and reserved—hardly open her mouth. She's quite a different girl." Maud: "Yes, dear; she's got a new set of teeth, you know."

"Don't you consider that young woman's behavior very extraordinary?" "Yes; she doesn't pay much attention to the conventionalities, but she is worth over a million." "Ah, I see; ideal form, but a good figure."

N. F. Hill, of Park City, Kentucky, lately pasted a bit of paper over a cracked egg shell and placed it under a setting hen. In due time a chicken was hatched from the mended egg. Mr. Hill preserved the shell with the paper patch intact to prove his statement.

The most titled man in Europe, if not in the world, with the exception of the Emperor of Austria, is the Kaiser William. He is 18 times a duke, twice a grand duke, 10 times a count, 15 times a seigneur, 3 times a margrave, besides being King of Prussia and German Emperor.

There were 132 276 cycles used for pleasure solely in France last year, a fact disclosed through the collection of the tax imposed on them. The proportion of bicycles and tricycles is not stated. Cycles used by tradesmen for purely business purposes are exempt from the tax.

The chief Spanish executioner died recently at Madrid. On the day of his funeral 13 candidates applied for the vacant place. Among them were one lawyer, one retired sergeant major, and a gentleman who based his claim upon the fact that he was an intimate friend of the deceased.

"Don't talk about life insurance companies to me," said Mrs. Waggles, indignantly; "they aren't any good. Why, when my poor husband lay a-dyin', I sent word to the Profitable Assurance Company of Echo hair to come up and insure his life right away, and do you know the heathens wouldn't do it."

Eloise: "I can't make out whether that man I talked with last night was an Englishman or not." Helena: "Did he talk with a marked English accent and bitterly denounce everything American?" Eloise: "Yes; that's exactly what he did." Helena: "Then he's an American."

Not long ago a Scotch farmer having lost his wife, but wishing to keep her always in memory, called his farm "Gloomary." Shortly after a neighbor met with a similar affliction, and determined also to name his farm after the dear departed. Imagine the popular astonishment when it was formally christened "Glorbetsy!"

In the religious orders of the different churches the black uniform is adopted, not for economy, but to protect the gentle nuns and novices from admiration. There is no color so generally becoming as black. Black is awe-inspiring. Black is also depressing; it has a disagreeable effect upon men and animals. Dogs and babies will make friends more readily with brightly dressed people than with those in black garments. In normal colleges pupil teachers are advised not to dress in black any more than is necessary. No physician of the present day will allow a black-garbed nurse to care for a serious case.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Some new summer dresses are loveliness itself, and most seductive to youthful beholders. A champagne-colored broche is relieved with moss-green velvet and lace; and a gray-spotted barege, with gleams of blue in it, is plainly made, though a pointed corslet of cream guipure, and a full collar of gray and blue shot satin give it style and smartness. Very charming is a gown of glace moire, shot pink and blue, and covered with black spots. The skirt and cross-over bodice are frilled with blue lisse, and the sleeves entirely made of lace are arranged in frills. A dress of peach blossom crepon has satin stripes that cross the figure. The skirt is slightly draped about the waist, which a belt of white-beaded ribbon encircles. A fanciful garniture of white silken and beade cords forms the yoke. An apricot chine silk shows narrow perpendicular stripes in various colors. A deep collar of white embroidered muslin trims the bodice, which is slightly gathered into a waistband of black satin ribbon that ties in an upstanding bow and long ends in front. The bonnet is of pink roses set closely together, with a big black butterfly bow across the centre. A gown of hot pink silk has little flowers and tiny black spots all over it. The skirt has a rouleau and flounce of mirror pink velvet, edged with cream and gold lace. The bodice has a species of velvet collar, edged to match over the V-shaped vest, and two bands at the waist are finished by little enamel buttons. A fresh gown of pink Bengaline is powdered with white silk spots. The bodice, ending in pointed tabs below the waist, is made of white guipure. A sash of black chiffon is tied at one side, and this note of black is repeated in the large black chip hat, which has a rosebud or two for trimming.

A costume of gray cloth has the skirt edged with steel, gold and gray silk embroidery on black net, while butterflies worked in a similar manner are dotted about and relieve it from plainness. The bodice is cut in points that are secured at the waist and show glimpses of the delicate embroidery between them, with a collar of mirror velvet; and a coat of the same cloth has richly embroidered lapels and a stand up collar, full plain sleeves, and embroidery from wrists to elbows. A fancy straw toque to match completes the handsome costume. A waistcoat of Pompadour flowered white satin and a lace jabot is worn under a coat and skirt of light blue cloth. Silk and linen are most curiously mingled in a dress suitable for summer. The tints are azure and a sort of pale tan, and the linen is rather the color of unbleached holland, but thinner and finer. It is worked with openwork embroidery, and the same is done on the silk. A flounce, deep basque, sleeves, and a square collar are of the linen, and a parasol with carved ivory handle is covered to match.

A dressy cloth cape may be trimmed with lace and jet, and a wide collar of black moire is often added. A cinnamon-brown cloth cape, with a velvet collar falling in Vandyke points over cream lace, is very pretty. In the richer models two or three materials are often combined in one garment. A velvet cape has a wide moire collar trimmed with a plaiting of mousseline de-soie and a band of jet, and, if you like the fluffy feminine style, the full ruche at the neck may be fastened with a full bow of silk muslin trimmed on the ends with lace. A pretty moire cape has two rows of wide jet insertion around the lower part and a double ruffle of silk edged with jetted lace, and tied with a moire bow.

Another moire cape has simply a stiff, wide collar open in the back and trimmed with cream lace. Single, double and triple frills of accordion plaited net banded with satin ribbon is another pretty fancy for a purely summer wrap. An evening cape made of fine bright cloth with inverted plaits in the back may be quite as useful in the daytime made in a dark shade of tan. The round yoke is beaded, and the box-plaited frill is edged with jet. Many of the short capes which reach only to the elbows are cut circular and so full that when spread out they lie in a perfect circle. The trimming is all at the neck, where a yoke may be formed of jet, and outlined with fluffy ruffles of chiffon doubled and dated. One noticeable peculiarity of the little wrap is that it increases in price as it diminishes in size, so the woman who can build her own is to be envied.

In spite of universal superstition, opals are to be the fashionable stones of the season. Their ever-varying tints rival the rainbow, and are always fascinating because they are never twice alike. A new design in an opal ornament is made to imitate a butterfly. Rubies form the eyes and diamonds the body, a gorgeous trifle to fasten pretty lace. A most beautiful necklace is made of round opals the size of a pea, strung together with a small diamond between each one.

A London hostess recently gave a blue dinner which bore out its color to the letter. The table linen and napkins being dyed to match the flowers, lamp shades and the hostess' dress. Mauve dinners are a fashion in Paris, and Parma violets are the decoration.

A new material which is destined to become popular in place of brown holland and linen is a mixture of silk and linen which has a beautiful lustre, and comes in all the bright colors. It will be made up into dainty afternoon gowns and freely trimmed with satin, velvet, lace and embroidered muslin.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Sewing and Mending.—To the busy housewife who must do her own sewing or any considerable portion of it much advantage may be gained by planning it rightly. When she is to have a long afternoon to herself, the children occupied with new games, or away for a visit, or perhaps, the rain precluding any interruptions from callers, she should not work on that garment of which the most difficult part has already been accomplished, and only buttonholes and the general "finishing off" remain; but take this time to cut and plan and do the most trying portions of some new garment. The other garment can be easily finished sometime when she is likely to have interruptions or must have other cares on her mind.

To avoid the confusion of having many kinds of work around at once, have several workbaskets, and keep each kind of work by itself, instead of having all together in one large basket. These need not be large or expensive; peach and grape baskets may be made into quite pretty and serviceable workbaskets with a little paint and silicia for lining. A neat little darning basket is nothing but a long grape basket, painted blue with gold trimmings and lined with gold-colored silesia, with pockets for balls, pads for needles and a cushion for pins.

When the mending is brought in, lay aside those things which may be most easily repaired in the evening, especially everything in white or light colored goods and which does not require close work. Hunt up the pieces, buttons, etc., that are required, put all in a basket together and have ready to do in the evening, while the husband reads bits from the newspaper, or talks over the day's joys and trials. You will not be obliged to constantly interrupt the reading or conversation to find the things needed, and one will accomplish twice as much as though she did not take this forethought.

Do mending and sewing on dark material, and all fine darning in good daylight. It is the worst possible economy to strain the eyes on such work by lamplight.

Always have in a convenient place some light, easy piece of work with needles, thimble and all things necessary at hand, ready to take up and work at on a moment's notice. The number of times it can be picked up and a little accomplished, when otherwise nothing would be done, will surprise one who has never tried the experiment. You have a long call from an intimate friend and can take a few stitches while chatting. If there is some work handy, without committing any breach of etiquette. Perhaps a neighbor drops in to spend a few hours and brings her work along, when, if all the work you have ready chances to cutting and fitting or seaming on the machine, you will accomplish next to nothing. It is often an advantage, when tired and nervous over some pieces of sewing, to change work. Have a pleasant, easy piece of fancy work near by to take up and rest yourself.

Powdered French chalk is recommended for cleaning light summer woolens. It is very inexpensive, and may, therefore, be used liberally. Cover the soiled parts thickly with the chalk, let remain a day or two, and then remove with a camel's-hair velvet brush. It is claimed that in most cases this treatment will cause the spots to disappear entirely.

A clock is a very essential part of a kitchen outfit. A reliable one can now be obtained so cheap that it is an extravagant waste of time to have to go into another room to ascertain the time as often in a day as a cook needs to know it.

It is said that nothing is better than coal ashes for use in scouring steel knives and forks and tinware. They should be sifted twice, the second time through a fine wire sieve.

It is a thing worth knowing in these "grilling days" that meat should never be placed directly on the ice, as its juice will be absorbed. Put it on a dish and set in a cool place.

Trifle.—Take slices of cake, place in sauce-dishes, or all together in one dish and cover with whipped cream.

Stolen Bliss.

BY H. M. W.

WE had been such friends; everything had gone so beautifully! And then to spoil it all! Bah—what a fool I was!"

"My dear fellow, without disputing that for one moment, I should like to know how you have 'spoiled it all!'"—and Jack Reid, a grave-looking man, glanced across at the indignant countenance of his old friend Bartlett, as he drew his chair a little farther back from the club bay-window, and composed himself to listen.

"Why not? Perhaps you can help me," replied the young barrister; "so here's the story. Effie and I—yes, don't interrupt—Effie Sinclair—were rather chums three years ago in Scotland. Six months back, she and her mother came to London, and Mrs. Raleigh asked Effie to play Mrs. Mildmay in Still Waters for the Home for Horses. I was the John Mildmay—yes, I am aware, awful bosh, of course, my playing such a part, but you know what Mrs. Raleigh is—she hypnotises one! Well, there were any number of rehearsals—over forty—and Effie and I became greater friends than before. She is a very dear little thing, Jack!"

"I am sure she is; but go on."

"I helped her a lot—raked together all the old criticisms of the play I could find, and gave them to her, took notes of every dress I saw on the stage that I thought likely to suit her——"

"Oh, never mind all that—come to the 'spoiling!'"

"Well, it was on the night of the performance. While the dark scene at the end of Act 2 was in progress—that in which Mrs. Sternhold turns up the lamp, you know—I was standing in the wings, and suddenly Effie came and stood beside me. It was quite dark, but I recognised her by her pink dress. Almost as soon as she came in I told her how pretty she was looking, and how every one was admiring her, and then, when she looked up at me as if about to thank me for my compliments, I—I——"

"Well, go on, my dear fellow!"

"I—stooped and kissed her. It was bliss, but, by Jove, it was an insult!"

There was a pause. At last Reid said slowly—

"Well, perhaps it was a little unconventional. What did she do?"

"Gave a cry of horror, and was off like a shot. I waited for her at the close of the affair, hoping to apologise; but when I began she simply froze me up—told me she did not understand, and went off, leaving me thoroughly miserable and ashamed. I have been wretched ever since."

Have you seen her since?"

"Only once—at Mrs. Lawson Wright's garden-party. I spoke a few words, but she did not seem to take the slightest interest in them or me."

"Why don't you apologise?"

"Can't screw up my courage."

"The process is painful, but it appears to me to be your only course."

"By Jove, I'd give half I possess to see matters right between us again!"

"Then come with me—I am going that way. Call on them, and an opportunity may present itself. If so, do your duty like a man and apologize. I believe she will do her duty like a woman and forgive you."

Bartlett hesitated, looking at the carpet, and then at the ceiling.

"How the mischief am I to broach the subject?" he burst out at last. "The very mention of the matter condemns me. It is past apology. A man who would do such a thing to such a girl deserves to be hounded from the society of gentlemen!"

"My dear fellow, I think you are taking too morbid a view of the affair."

"You don't understand what I've lost—her friendship—an object in life!"

"Are you in love with——"

Bartlett calmly stooped to raise his glass of brandy-and-soda, took a long slow sip, looked vaguely at the trees outside, took another long sip, and then put the glass down without a word.

"My dear fellow," Reid said quietly, "I had no idea it was so serious. Further inaction may be fatal. Go to her to-day, or you may be too late!"

"So be it," solemnly replied the eloquent; "I think you are right."

The two men walked together to the corner of Grosvenor Square, where they said "Good-bye;" and the wisest man in Bloomsbury, as his friends dubbed Reid, turned towards the Grosvenor library, to borrow Lord O'Neill's Will in the Formation of the Universe for his sister, a very austere young lady with earnest views on philosophy and morals and a leading light in half the ethical and philosophical societies of London.

* * * * * *

"No, sir, Mrs. Sinclair is not at home."

"Is Miss Sinclair in?"

"Yes, sir, Miss Sinclair is at home."

"Will you say 'Mr. Bartlett?'"

A moment later Bartlett found himself seated beside a little table, on the other side of which sat Effie, whom he had so mortally offended, pouring him out a cup of tea, and then handing it to him with a formal gravity of which he had known nothing in the old careless days.

"I am sorry, Mr. Bartlett"—"Ah," he thought, "it used to be Hugh!"—"mamma is out driving."

"Naturally on so fine an afternoon. Yet I confess I am glad; for I have something very important to say to you, Miss Sinclair."

"Really? I am all attention."

"Miss Sinclair, I have not seen you for a month."

"Dear me!" was the reply, in a tone of absolute indifference.

"We have not exchanged ten words since the Still Waters night."

"Is it possible? Is your tea nice?"

"Very."

It was manifest that she was not going to help him through. However, he recalled Reid's words. This was his last chance.

"Oh, Miss Sinclair—Effie—I am utterly ashamed of the way in which I acted that night. I cannot think how I could have been guilty of such folly, such madness. I have been tortured with regret ever since."

"Oh, probably experience will harden you!"

"You are severe. You doubt my sincerity. What can I do—what can I say to convince you of my remorse?"

"But all the newspapers——"

"Excuse me, not a word has appeared in one of them. I may have acted shamefully, but you at least have been spared that."

"Really, Mr. Bartlett, I think you are too tragical over it! Mamma thought you acted splendidly; so did every one. And, as I was about to say, all the newspapers praised you."

He put his cup down and looked at her. Clearly she was deliberately evading the subject. He saw it all. She was not going to give him the opportunity of putting himself right. But even as these thoughts were passing through his mind she spoke again, and her words almost took his breath away.

"Hugh, why did you not come to bid a proper 'Good night' to me that evening? And why have you avoided us ever since?"

Bartlett was utterly dumfounded. He look at Effie; her bright face had lost the expression which had chilled him, and wore the sweet look of interest he had loved so well in the old days. Good heavens, he thought, had Reid been right? Had she forgiven him? Evidently. And how good and thoughtful of her to spare him the pain of imploring her pardon, the humiliation of confessing his misdeed! He could see that they were in harmony again. Nay, more—something whispered to him that the moment had arrived for another confession. It rose to his lips far more easily than the first had done.

Before the long hand of the clock on the mantelpiece had traversed five minutes more he had kissed the hand he had once scarcely hoped ever to touch again, and poured out a long story of tenderness into ears which he had, but a few minutes before, believed to be closed against him for ever. In brief, he had proposed and had been accepted.

"How stupid of you to come here and be so tragic over your first acting! And to think that I did not encourage you to speak to me that night! How men and women are to misunderstand one another! I think I shall always look back to the memory of that night; you were so cold and strange. Ah, and so does some one else hate it! Have you heard the story of the kiss in the wings? Of course you did not. Oh, it was such an ungentlemanly thing! The place was quite dark, you remember, during the lamp scene, and one of the gentlemen—— But will you promise not to tell?"

"I promise solemnly," said Hugh, with great determination.

"Well, began to pay vulgar compliments to one of the ladies, and then caught hold of her and kissed her. Poor thing, she went away and fainted in our dressing-room! Would you like to know who the lady was?"

"No, darling—no!"

"That means 'Yes, darling—yes!' Then mind you keep it a secret—Rachel Reid."

"What—Jack's sister?"

"The same. She had gone to see if 'behind the scenes' was really as wicked as she had heard, and that was her reward. Was it not funny?"

* * * * * *

That night Jack Reid and Hugh Bartlett dined together. The wine sparkled, the blue smoke of the cigars curled slowly to the ceiling. Then as they stood together on the balcony looking down on the long line of the lights of the carriages going home from the theatres, hand clasped in hand, the friends exchanged good wishes. Bartlett however thought it advisable to say no more to his friend concerning his stolen "bliss."

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, to her nieces, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll be murdered." "Why so, aunt?" they asked. "Why, I see by the papers that we've got almost fifteen thousand post-offices; and nearly all on 'em dispatches a mail every day. The Lord have mercy on us, poor widows!" said the old lady, stepping quietly to her looking-glass to put on her new cap.

Recent Book Issues.

"Steps into Journalism: or, Helps and Hints for Young Writers," by Edwin L. Shuman, is not only an exceedingly interesting but very useful book. It is practical throughout and tells the truth as it actually exists. While it will be of immense service to those who have the genuine literary faculty, it is not in the least danger of leading those who have not, astray. Published by the School of Journalism, Evanston, Ill.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

A leading feature of the "Century" for May is the first of a series of papers by Thomas G. Allen, Jr., and William L. Sachtleben, recounting their adventures in a journey "Across Asia on a Bicycle." The account is illustrated by a large number of unique photographs taken by the writers during this adventurous trip in a region almost unknown to the western world. The number contains the usual excellent instalment of fiction, art, poetry, etc., and is handsomely illustrated. Published at New York.

In the May number of "The Eclectic" the conclusion of W. H. Mallock's "Fabian Economies" is followed by an interesting paper by Leslie Stephen, on "Luxury," other papers are "The New Eirenikon," "Old Premier and the New." Lovers of Francis Parkman's works will enjoy the tribute to the historian by Mr. A. K. Bradley, and Prince Kropotkin's review of "Recent Science" will interest others. The number closes with a half dozen lighter articles and sketches, among them a story by the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth street, New York.

CONCERNING SILK.

The ancients were sorely puzzled as to the origin of the silk of commerce. For many centuries it reached Europe only as a raw product, or a manufactured article coming from the East, where it was cultivated, a region which to an average European might as well have been, for aught he knew about it, in another world.

Thus, never having seen the thing in its natural condition as produced by the silkworm, they trusted to rumor for the explanation of its origin, and, as usual, rumor grotesquely mangled the tale as it traveled from mouth to mouth many times over. Silk had some sort of connection, it was understood, with the animal kingdom and some with the vegetable, but what was the precise share of each was by no means clear.

Certain insects and trees had a kind of partnership in its production, but only the vaguest notions were current in many places as to the sort of insects and trees that were between them responsible for the lovely product.

Perhaps we cannot do better, in order to show the absurdity of the ideas held on this subject even by educated people some eighteen centuries ago, than quote a passage from the naturalist Pliny, who flourished during the golden age of Latin literature; and, as the crudity of the ideas will find a better match in an antique English version than in the literary language of the nineteenth century, we will adopt the rendering of an old translator. The passage is as follows:

"They build their nests of earth or clay, close sticking to some stone or rock, in the manner of salt; and withall so hard, that scarcely a man may enter them with the point of a spear. In which they make also wax, but in more plenty than bees; and after that, bring forth a greater worme than all the rest before remembred. These flies engender also after another sort namely, of a greater worme or grub, putting forth two hornes after that kind; and those be certain canker-wormes. Then these grow afterward to be Bombylii, and so forward to Necydali, of which in six months after come the silkworms Bombyces . . . It is commonly said, that in the Isle Cos there be certain silkwormes engendered of flowers, which by the meanes of rain-showers are beaten downe and fall from the cypres tree, terebinth, oke and ash; and they soon after doe quicken and take life by the vapor arising out of the earth. And men say, that in the beginning they are like unto little butterflies, naked, but after a while (being impatient of the cold) are overgrowne with haire; and against the winter, arme themselves with good thick clothes; for being rough-footed, as they are, they gather all the cotton downe of the leaves which they can come by, for to make their fleece. After this, they fal to beat, to felt and thicken it close with their feet, then to card it with their nailes; which done they draw it out at length, and hang it betweene branches of trees, and so kombe it in the end to make it thin and subtill. When al is brought to this passe, they enwrap and enfold themselves (as it were) in a round bat and clew of thread, and so nestle within it. Then are they taken up by men, put in earthern pots, kept there warme, and nourished with bran, until such time as they have wings according to their kind; and being thus well-clad and appointed, they be let go to do other businesse."

With such a ridiculous collection of nonsense had the elite of Roman society to be content, if they wished to know anything of the origion of the soft and brilliant fabrics which they so much prized as a novel article of clothing.

It is plain that the author writes simply from hearsay, and has jumbled up together notions derived from different insects and embellished them with freaks of the imagination.

And yet there was nothing so very extraordinary in the production of silk by silk-worms. The counterpart of the process was going on every season in wild nature in hundreds of places in the country districts all round the Western folk as well as in the remoter regions of the far East; and one would have thought that they might have recognized enough resemblance between the cocoons of the wild Lepidoptera of their own regions and the silk of commerce to have made a nearer guess at the origin of the latter, had they but had eyes to observe more carefully what was going on in the woods and fields close to their own doors.

Another account was even more ludicrous, for it was gravely stated that silk was the entrails of a spider-like creature which was fed for four years on a kind of paste, and then with willow leaves, till it actually burst with fat.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.—A short time ago a birth occurred in a family which had recently settled in a small town in England, and, as a matter of course, it behoved the worthy parent to have it duly registered; but, being a stranger in the place, he had to inquire who was the Registrar; and being informed that it was the Session-Clerk, away he hied to the station clerk, and, it being Saturday, he found the man of tickets and invoices seated at his desk, with a large volume before him, making up his week's returns, which book he supposed to be the one for registrations. Concluding he was all right, he gravely informed the clerk that he had come to register his child.

"Where is it going to?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh! I want to register the birth of it," said the man.

The clerk then informed him that he had come to the wrong place.

"That is the place over there," said the clerk, pointing in the direction of the registrar's house.

Our friend apologized and left.

On leaving the ticket-office, he remarked to the porter that he had come to get an entry made, but had gone to the wrong office.

"You will be wishing to see the goods clerk," said the porter.

"Well—yes," our friend stammered out.

He was shown over to the goods office, where he found the clerk busy filling up way-bills for two gentlemen who were in the office; and, after the clerk had handed them the bills for signature, he asked our friend, "What is yours?"

"A boy," he replied.

"A what?" asked the clerk, evidently at at a loss to comprehend his customer.

"A laddie," answered our friend. "And what about him?" asked the clerk.

"I want him booked," was the reply.

Our friend was again directed to the booking office, and on entering accused the clerk of trying to make a fool of him by sending him to the goods office, and insisted on having his child registered instanter, under pain of the severest penalty of the law.

The clerk remonstrated with him, but remonstrance was in vain. At length he gave him in charge of one of the officers of the company, to be taken to an asylum, or some other place of safe keeping, as he considered it unsafe in the extreme to have such an individual going at large, especially about railway stations.

A friend of our hero's had by this time made his appearance, and, seeing him in such a fix, inquired the cause. Explanations followed, and our friend was set at liberty, his friend conducting him to the Session Clerk's, where he got his son and heir duly registered.

IN A RUSSIAN CHURCH.—In Russia there is always a great demand for little ones who can sing well. Girls with clear, sweet voices and boys with notes like a thrush are carefully cared for and cherished as they are in no other country. The altar is beautifully decorated with candles and with images of the Christ Child. And up to midnight very solemn services are held. Suddenly, at the stroke of the midnight bell, everything ceases. The church is very brilliantly lighted, and, as the lights flood the church, a child's voice is heard pealing forth a Christmas anthem. "Kristos! Kristos! Kristos!" is the burden of the hymn they always sing, and those who have been present at one of the services held at midnight in Russia say that it is worth the trip all the way there just to hear the lovely child-voice sing the "Kristos" solo, with the grand chorus of 100 baby voices, which follows in a Christmas refrain. The night before Christmas in all the Russian churches there is gathered together a very large assembly of people—so many, indeed that the church is crowded out to the door steps and people stand looking over other's shoulders, trying to get just a peep inside.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA.

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for two yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.50.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO PLAY MUSIC

WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE

PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "by the book," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, U.S. taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. Washington, D. C.

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now partially or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $2 to $10 per month under the old law are entitled to higher rates under new law, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, which are due to service or not.

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in regular army or navy since the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.

Mexican War soldiers and their widows also entitled, if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Humorous.

TRUE TO HIS TRUST.

'Twas in a park the keeper kind
Unto the children spoke,
And in each young receptive mind
The sense of knowledge woke.

He spoke not of the branching trees
Which kept the shadows cool,
Nor praised the perfume-laden breeze
That fanned the limpid pool.

He spoke not of the roses' reign—
All crimson, white and gold;
No wondrous thing did he explain,
Nor aught of beauty told.

But in the manner of his kind,
Which nothing can surpass,
Impressed he on each youthful mind
The law, "Keep off the grass!"

—H. E.

Seedy individuals—Gardeners.

A dog that never barks or bites—A fire dog.

From what word of six letters may one be taken and yet eight remain?—Height—eight.

She: "How do you know he married her for her money?"
He: "I've seen her."

Amy, at the football grounds: "Why don't they begin to play?" Dolly: "The surgeons haven't arrived yet."

"You talk a great deal in your sleep, John," said Mrs. Henpeck. "It's the only chance I get," said John, meekly.

Very stout gentleman, to newsboy: "Here, my lad, is a penny for you. Just look and tell me if my boots want polishing."

"Jones fell in love with an heiress and married her. Does he love her as much as ever?" "More. She has just had another legacy left her."

He: "It must be dreadful when a professional singer knows she has lost her voice." She: "But it is still more dreadful when she is not aware of the fact."

"Why," said a counsel to a witness, "are you so very precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?"
Witness, promptly: "No, sir."

Solomon, after a fire: "Der shtock of silk is all damaged by vater—a total loss."
Aaron: "Veil, you hafe a big sign made—Chenuine Vater Silk at a Sagrifice!—next"

"Women's rights!" exclaimed a man, when the subject was broached; "what more do they want? My wife bosses me, our daughter bosses us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some right."

Mrs. Smith: "Mrs. Uptodate is one of the leaders of the woman suffrage movement, is she not?"
"Yes, indeed! She is an advanced thinker. Have you read her magazine article on 'How to Stuff Ballot Boxes?'"

She, reading: "Joe, this paper says that out in Oregon they have just discovered footprints three feet long, supposed to belong to a lost race."
He: "I don't see how a race of people that made footprints three feet long could ever get lost."

"You must have made several dollars out of your theatricals."
"I? Oh, no. Those theatricals were for the poor."
"I know; that's why I supposed you divided up the receipts among the performers. They were the poorest I ever saw."

Mr. Newrich had just been paying sundry bills contracted by his son, an undergraduate at Oxford. "I had no idea," said the old man to his son, "that studying was so expensive."
"Oh, yes, it costs money," replied the young gentleman: "and I didn't study very much either!"

"How do you do, May? I've been trying to catch up with you for the last half hour."
"How did you know it was I?"
"Oh, I know you just as soon as I set eyes on that bonnet. I've known it as long as I can remember."
It is such remarks as this that fill the female heart with bitterness.

"Do you think you will always be as fond of me as now?" asked an elderly bridegroom of his young bride.
"I'll try," she replied.
"Try! There will be no effort needed to keep my affection for you unchanged."
"Oh, of course! That is where you have the advantage. People of your age are always very set in their ways."

Edith: "I hate that Mr. Wilson!"
Sadie: "Why, what has happened? I imagined you liked him ever so much!"
Edith: "He said I couldn't whistle, and just to show him I could I puckered up my mouth, just as sweet and round, and what do you think he did?"
Sadie, blushing: "How should I know?"
Edith: "Well, the big dunce just let me whistle."

"PLUM DUFF"—AND WHY.—There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name "Plum Duff," the great holiday dish of sailors. No feast on shipboard is considered perfect without it. According to the story given in a history of the British navy, an English brig in the South Pacific was in a series of awful hurricanes. All on board were anxious to reach a port in time for Christmas, but the holiday found them still off the Navigator Islands.

Worst of all, they had shipped a sea that carried away the hen-coop containing a few chickens. When the cook saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers and in danger of going overboard, he made a gallant charge down the slippery, sloping deck to recover it; but at that moment a great wave rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided cook and chickens had both disappeared.

This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without a Christmas dinner, but without anyone to prepare an ordinary meal.

The sailors were heartily sick of "hard-tack," and remembered with longing the famous plum-pudding of Merrie England. They determined that somehow they must have a Christmas pudding, and drew lots as to who should be cook.

The choice fell on the boatswain's mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. In the galley he found an old cookery-book. This he pored over in search of something promising, but, for lack of skill or materials, found nothing he dared venture upon.

At last he settled upon a recipe which began, "Make a tiff dough." When he reached the word "dough" he said to himself—

"If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, d-o-u-g-h spells duff."

So he made the pudding, putting in some fine Malaga raisins, and served it out with a generous quantity of rich sauce. The sailors hailed it with delight and appreciation.

"What d'ye call it?" they asked.

"Plum Duff," said the proud cook.

And plum duff it remained from that day.

AS IT IS DONE IN LAPLAND.—In Lapland, it is stated, it is a capital offence to marry a young girl without the consent of her parents. The fashion is to appoint the friends of the lovers to meet at a certain place and see the parties run a race together. The girl is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part of the distance, so that it is impossible, except she be willing, for the young man to overtake her.

If the girl outruns her lover, the matter is ended, it being penal for the male lover to renew an offer of marriage. But if the girl have an affection for him, she will pretend to have met with some accident, and come to a halt before arriving at the end of the race.

The writer from whom we quote, in commenting upon this custom of the Laplanders, very pertinently says—

"Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in Lapland, this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness."

"HUE AND CRY."—This was the old common-law process in England of pursuing "with horn and with voice," from hundred to hundred and county to county, all robbers and felons. Formerly the hundred was bound to make good all loss occasioned by the the robberies therein committed, unless the felon were taken; but by subsequent laws it is made answerable only for damage committed by riotous assemblies.

German Baptist Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the German Baptist Brethren will be held at Meyersdale, Pa., on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, commencing May 24th, 1894.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Meyersdale and return from all stations on its system of lines at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. From points east of and including Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 22nd to 28th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

From points west of Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 21st to 26th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

For time of trains, etc., address nearest Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co or O. P. McCarty, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. S. W R'y, St. Louis, Mo.; L. S. Allen, Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Chicago, Ills.; E. D. Smith, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Pittsburg, Pa., or B. F. Bond, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.; Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

BRIGHT EYES
—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "BRIGHT EYES" and "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE — WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapid, thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders

IN EFFECT FEB. 11, 1894.

LEAVE READING TERMINAL, PHILADA.

Buffalo Day Express. Parlor and Dining Car.	daily 9.00 A. M.	Via Bethlehem.
Chicago Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 8.40 P. M.	
Buffalo Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 9.40 P. M.	
Williamsport Express. (Parlor Cars.)	week-days, 8.35, 10.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.	
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper).	daily 11.30 P. M.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.35 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.21 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.50, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.58, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.00 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 209 S. Third street, 3907 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights,

And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

☞ This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of **protecting their subscribers** against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

DEXTER SHOE CO., Inc'p. Capital, $1,000,000.
BEST $1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.
"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."
This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we *guarantee* the *fit, style and wear*, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8 and half sizes. *Send your size; we will fit you.* Illustrated Catalogue FREE

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Special terms to Dealers.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1026 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. R. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.